Saturday Night

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U.S. Election Scene: Issues Behind The Candidates

BY MAX FREEDMAN

Suburban Children A Pampered Breed

BY BRIAN CAHILL

Stratford In '56: A Summing Up

BY ROBERTSON DAVIES

The Present Danger Of Rising Prices

BY JOHN D. PATTISON

Eskimos' Parker: Page 17

MOLSON'S GOLDEN ALE

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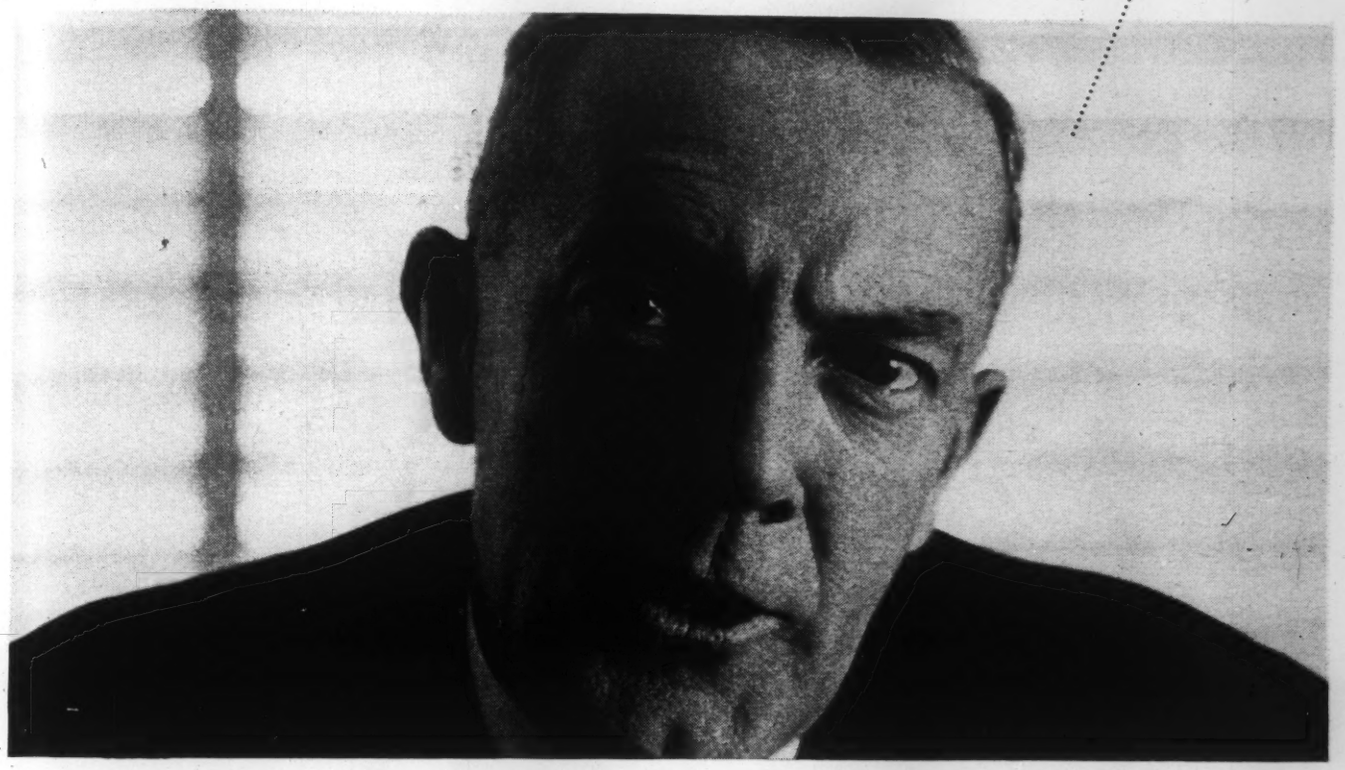

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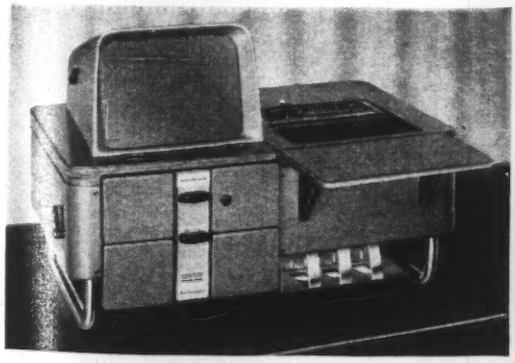

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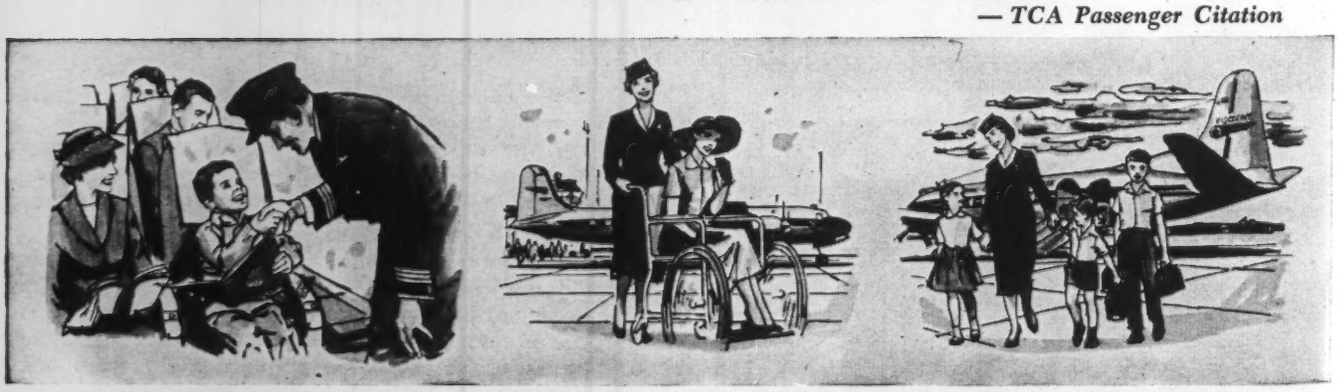

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TRANS-CANADA AIR LINES
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THE FRONT PAGE

- **Fight for the Middle Ground**
- **Contempt for Public Intelligence**
- **Sequel to an Oil Grab**
- **Need for an Immigration Shake-Up**

Bottoms Up

WESTERN newspapers in general and the British press in particular appear to be counting heavily on Khrushchev's drinking habits to relieve the democracies of Mr. Khrushchev himself. "Will Khrushchev's Drinking Lead to his Downfall?" the *London Daily Mail* asked recently in a hopeful headline. Unfortunately, his capacity for drinking seems to be equalled only by his uproariousness while drunk — rather like one of those troublesome lushes who can't be kicked out of a party and refuse to be talked down. The only solution seems to be to encourage him to drink beyond the limits of even his formidable capacity. Meanwhile, the party waits nervously for the moment when someone can lead him upstairs and then tiptoe down to announce happily, "Okay, out like a light".

Middle Ground

THERE'S a story going about Washington that President Eisenhower admires Adlai Stevenson's fluency with ideas so much that he has instructed his ghost-writers to provide him with the same sort of polished phrase-making. The tale may be a fiction, but it illustrates the intellectual difference between the two men. More than that, it reveals how close are their instincts, and how much the parties they lead have shifted towards the middle ground of American politics. In November's elections they will be fighting not so much for issues but for possession of the "area of moderation" which invariably holds the bulk of the voters in times of prosperity and complacency.

Eisenhower has a great advantage over Stevenson, of course, because the voters have already given him one lease on the disputed ground, and he has done little to make them believe he is not a desirable tenant—largely by the simple expedient of doing little of anything, which is about as far as moderation can go.

If there are to be appeals to the more extreme elements of the voters, then, they can be expected from the running mates of Eisenhower and Stevenson. Here the Republicans seem to have considered the

Estes Kefauver: Compatible.

susceptibilities of their Right Wing, but the Democrats have not done the same with their Left. In Estes Kefauver, Mr. Stevenson has a colleague who is almost as controversial, politically, as Mr. Eisenhower's. But Kefauver, party maverick though he may be at times, has an unblemished voting record in Congress as an enlightened Liberal; no extremist, he and Stevenson are intellectually compatible.

You Were Saying?

NATURALISTS have been making a study of animal language in recent years, but so far have been able to isolate only rudimentary signals. For instance, they made a tape recording of monkeys communicating during a thunderstorm in Brazil and later found that, when the record was played back in a Canadian zoo, the monkeys here responded instantly. It was a clear summer day, but the simian mothers hastily summoned the young ("Junior, come here instantly, you'll be soaked") and scuttled for shelter. A similar experiment was made recently with French and American crows. It was only partially successful, however, the New England rooks being highly exclusive. The French crows were more cooperative. While indifferent to cries of alarm, they gathered around enthusiastically at the American assembly call ("Hey everybody, somebody's throwing a party").

The language barrier between human beings and the other species still appears unsurmountable. A friend of ours who had been practising animal calls tried out his accomplishment the other day on a group of cows in a field. Most of the cows struggled to their feet, and one of them made straight for him, an unreadable look on its face. "I wasn't scared," he explained later, from the other side of the fence, "just embarrassed. I didn't know what I'd been saying to her."

Sane and Scientific

THE disdain with which some "experts" regard their ignorant lay fellows is never revealed more crudely than in the continuing debate over fluoridation of municipal water supplies. The most bitter enemies of fluoridation may be fanatics, but they are no more extreme in their arguments and statements than the pro-fluoridation forces. The latter have nothing but contempt not only for those who disagree with them but for the public in general. Typical of this attitude was a recent report in the *Canadian Journal of Public Health* (reprinted with obvious approval by the Health League of Canada).

"In the discussion of fluoridation," the report said, "frequent mention is made of municipal authorities holding referendums on fluoridation. Such action is most undesirable . . . The Medical Officer of Health is the recognized authority in health matters, and it will be most unfortunate if the responsibility placed in this office by the Public Health Act is overlooked and the votes of the electorate replace a decision based on sane, scientific judgment."

Very plausible—until one considers that fluoridation is not simply a matter of general public health and that its advocates have not made much effort to present a "sane and scientific" case to the public. There has been too much exhortation and too little fact. Given a sober background of information, the public can be relied upon to make an intelligent appraisal.

There is no doubt that fluoridation reduces dental caries in children, up to their

early teens. But that's all. It certainly is not a general health measure like chlorination. Let the pro-fluoridation forces make this clear. Let them also explain why, in the last five years, more than 40 North American cities have abandoned fluoridation—why, for example, the city of Schenectady, NY, this year discontinued the process as corrosion of pumps and pipes made the system unserviceable; why expensive equipment should be installed and maintained to treat water that will be used for all purposes by people of all ages in order to improve the teeth of some children; why it is wise, in principle, to dose everyone with a chemical intended to correct a specific ailment in one small group.

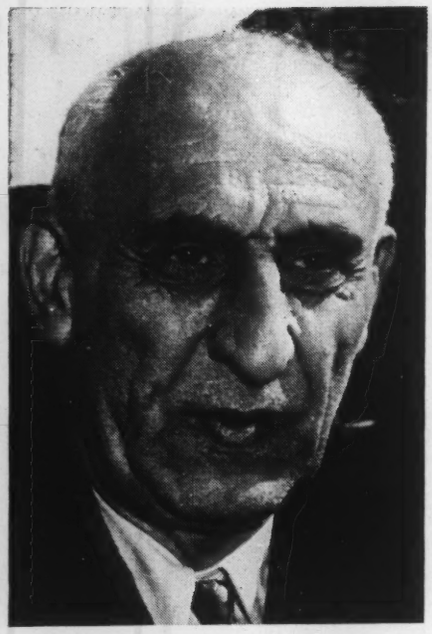
If the people who so vehemently support fluoridation provide the answers to such questions in a "sane and scientific" manner, we have no doubt that they will have nothing to fear from any referendum.

Chuckle for an Old Man

THE MAN who prepared the way for the antics of Egypt's President Nasser is back in circulation after a spell in jail. He is the former premier of Iran, Mohammed Mossadegh, a spent force now, perhaps, but still the one who dealt the first big postwar blow against British prestige in the Middle East. He did this five years ago by going into a tantrum like Nasser's and expelling the British from their huge oil refineries in Iran. The result was economic chaos for his country, from which it is still not fully recovered. The British returned to their refineries, but the fire of nationalism and nationalization had been fanned from a smoulder to a blaze.

There followed the dismissal of Glubb Pasha from leadership of the Jordan Legion, the British evacuation of Suez and seizure of the Canal by Nasser. The British, for a century the "keepers of the peace" in the Middle East, have retreated before each new wave of Arab aggressiveness. But now, the British Government says, it has had enough; the Suez grab can't be condoned and Nasser must be put in his place; Britain cannot permit an upstart dictator to be a constant threat to a vital artery of commerce.

Mossadegh must be having a few wry chuckles. Had he waited until new leaders took over in the Soviet Union and the United States, he might have been able to avoid catastrophe. He, and not Nasser, might be the hero of the Arab world. For even in Britain itself a great many people have objected to the tough talk of the governing Tories, and the other countries in the Commonwealth made it plain that they could not support a "police action" against Nasser. There has been a remarkable change of political climate during the past five years, brought about partly by the change in Russian tactics but more



Mossadegh: Before his time.

by the dithering of Western statesmen in general and Dulles in particular.

Nasser can be brought to his knees without the use of armed force. Egypt and all the other Arab countries are largely dependent on Western trade and investment. The Communists could not step in and immediately take over that dependency.

The West has the power, but whether it has the will and sagacity to accept the responsibility of power is something else.

Love, Honor and Drive

THE IDEAL wife for an executive, we are told, is lively and ambitious, with an attractive appearance and a good sense of public relations. In fact, where her husband's career is concerned, she should act as the steering wheel, the accelerator and the chromium trim, never as the muffler or brake. Which brings us to Lady Docker, who seems to have all the necessary qualifications to a superlative degree. Yet when she insisted on driving a gold-plated Daimler (charged to public relations), Sir Bernard Docker was fired from his job as chairman of the Birmingham Small Arms Corporation. The Board remained adamant, even when Lady Docker, putting up an attractive appearance in a $300 dress, pleaded for his reinstatement. The moral for executives' wives seems to be that if you are lively and ambitious, with an attractive appearance and a good sense of public relations, you can accelerate your husband's career. You may even wrap it around a tree.

Pickersgill: Needed, a boss.

Get to Work

THE curious case of the Italian countess who became a Canadian citizen with what seemed to be remarkable ease is only the latest addition to the mound of evidence piled up during recent years against the immigration branch of the Department of Citizenship and Immigration.

The Act dealing with immigration is not a good one. Its phrasing is bad and its allocation of authority often vague or indefensible. But it is made to appear much worse than it is by the atrocious way it is being administered. Practices and procedures of the immigration branch have been condemned by legal investigators, by the courts and by public opinion in the bluntest terms. Yet nothing is done to correct the situation.

The responsibility must rest with the Minister, Mr. Pickersgill. Either he is one of the worst administrators ever to hold a portfolio in Ottawa or he just doesn't care about the way things are done in his department. The former possibility scarcely matches the facts. Mr. Pickersgill is intelligent, subtle, well-schooled and experienced; he has the gifts to make him a good administrator. That being the case, we can only assume that he is vastly uninterested in the errors and bad practices of officials in his department — that he finds it easier to answer questions in the Commons than to buckle down and give his immigration service the shaking-up that it badly needs.

The pity of it is that Mr. Pickersgill does not have to buckle down. His predecessor, Mr. Harris, served without distinction and still moved up to Finance and the favorite's spot as Mr. St. Laurent's heir apparent. Mr. Pickersgill, too, may be putting in time until he can move to another Cabinet job. In the meantime, there is no vigorous First Minister to insist that he pay the proper attention to his present responsibilities—and the evils that inevitably result from a badly administered department of government go on. Injustices multiply because there is no one to tell Mr. Pickersgill, "Get to work or get out".

The Republican policy can succeed only in fair weather and it becomes useless the moment the White House is caught in storms of controversy. What weather for the next four years?

U.S. Voters Attempt to Guess the Future

by Max Freedman

NOW THAT THE two nominating conventions are over, it may be useful to look at the deeper issues of the American elections. There will be time later to discuss the candidates.

Most Canadians, I imagine, regard the Democratic Party as the majority party in the United States. They believe the Republicans can win a national election only when they are led by a man like Mr. Eisenhower. This view is wrong, despite its popularity. Normally, the Republicans form the majority. We have forgotten this scale of values because we are still under the spell of the Roosevelt-Truman era.

Before Roosevelt's election in 1932, the Democrats, in the previous 70 years, had won only three Presidential campaigns when the Republicans were united behind one candidate. The Democrats had more local strength than national appeal. They were more apt to control Congress than to put their man into the White House.

But the Democrats have behaved very differently from the Republicans when they have come into office, in this century, after a long time in opposition. For example, Woodrow Wilson was the first Democratic President since Grover Cleveland, and his early months in office were filled with many reforms. So with Roosevelt, after the Republican era stretching from Harding to Hoover.

Nothing resembling this activity has marked the Eisenhower Administration. Are we to conclude that the Republicans are without ideas? Sometimes one is tempted to accept this conclusion; but cynicism is never the key to political wisdom. There are genuine reasons for these differences.

In the period which preceded Wilson's election in 1912, the Democratic party had conducted a prolonged debate during which it had agreed on many principles of economic reform. Wilson was nominated because William Jennings Bryan supported him against the challenge of more conservative Democrats. The tradition of reform, embodied in Wilson, found in him a matchless champion. When he took office he applied this philosophy of government and carried Congress with him. (The battle over the League of Nations was a separate issue which no one could have foreseen in 1912). Roosevelt inherited economic chaos in 1933 and the depression forced him into measures which went far beyond his original concept of government.

Eisenhower: Instead of leadership a deliberately moderate view.

Neither of these precedents applies to the Republican party. It had fought a long war against the New Deal, but it had fashioned no convincing alternative. Instead of assuming office in a depression, it found the country prosperous and in no mood for strenuous reforms. The country wanted to take it easy for a time and the Eisenhower Administration fitted its mood. Mr. Eisenhower has made the New Deal respectable. That is at once a tribute to his skill and one secret of his popularity.

If we push our analysis still further, we will find that the Republicans, in spite of their criticisms and their protests, really came to terms with the New Deal when they failed to repeal any of its essential measures, except labor legislation, on taking control of Congress in 1946. But this was only negative approval, it was acceptance by default rather than agreement on principles. Senator Taft was aware of this fact. He wanted a searching and extensive debate on the philosophy and purposes of the Republican party to take place at the 1952 convention.

As we all remember, the Eisenhower-Taft rivalry dominated everything. Nothing else mattered. There was no debate on principles. The Republican party took office with no clear program of national leadership. It has been in office, though, when national leadership has hardly been an overwhelming necessity.

Instead of leadership, Mr. Eisenhower has deliberately chosen to identify himself with the moderate views held by a majority in both the Republican and Democratic parties. This policy can succeed only in fair weather. It becomes useless the moment the White House is caught in the storms of controversy. But there can be little controversy while the United States has record prosperity in times of peace.

What does this analysis mean in terms

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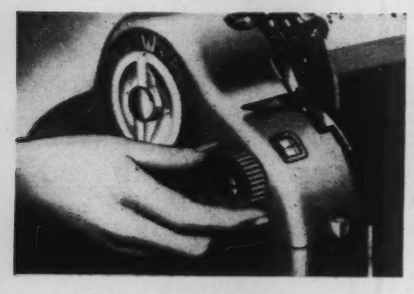

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"Just before the battle, Mother".

of this year's elections? It means that there will be very little to choose on essential policies between Republicans and Democrats. There will be numerous differences on questions of detail but they will hardly amount to a fundamental debate on national policy. What the American voter is being asked to do, though no one puts it in these plain terms, is to forecast the political weather for the next four years.

Everyone has the feeling that many changes will have to be made alike in foreign policy and in domestic matters; but no one can be certain of the circumstances amid which these changes will take place. Many Americans feel that the Democrats, even though they have no clear and constructive program now, are better equipped by their recent history to face these new tasks. Other Americans dispute this view, and they also seem to have the almost mystical belief that conditions cannot really become too rough while Mr. Eisenhower remains in the White House.

That is the meaning of the debate, often so confusing, about Mr. Eisenhower's philosophy of the Presidency. Does anyone believe that the American people are profoundly worried because he has "diminished the office of the Presidency"? I am worried and constitutional authorities are worried, but I cannot honestly report that the voters are disturbed. They would be, and very quickly too, if they saw great injustice being committed or urgent reforms being neglected because Mr. Eisenhower has yielded too much to Congress or has delegated too much power to his subordinates.

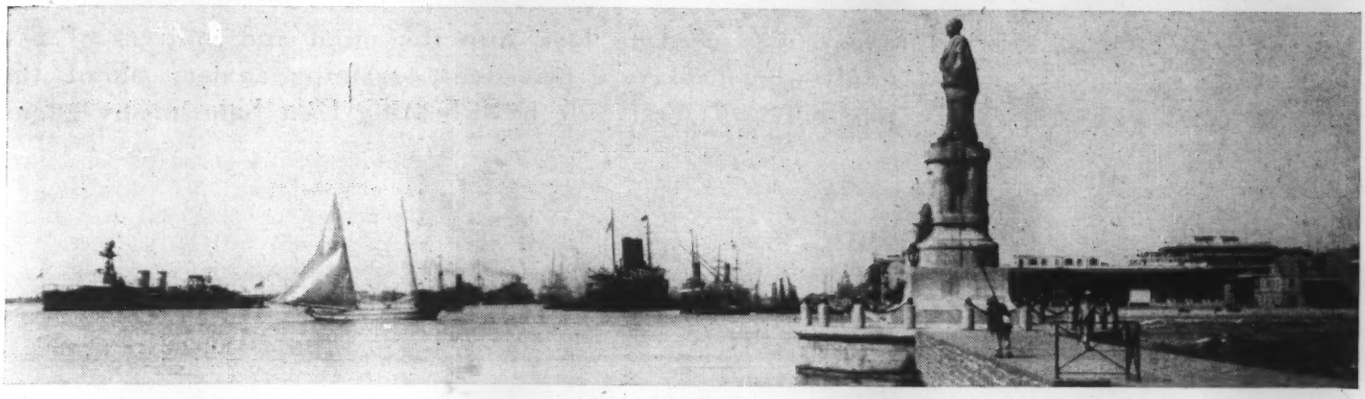
The Eisenhower philosophy has worked very well until now. Can he adopt and apply a more robust philosophy if the times demand a more vigorous type of Presidential leadership? This question, unanswered as yet, strikes at the man; the related question strikes at his health.

It is useless to attempt any precise estimate now of the importance of this health issue. There are no precedents to guide us. Never has any President with Mr. Eisenhower's precarious health sought re-election; and never has the quality of his Vice-Presidential candidate been so significant. We must await the course of the campaign to judge the effect of this issue.

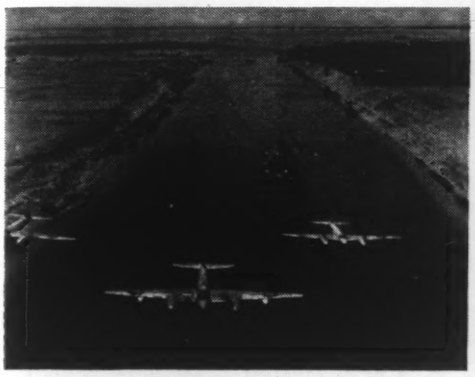
At present all that need be said is that the Democrats, to the extent that they concentrate on the President's health and the Vice-Presidency, admit that they have no other effective issues.

Life Span of Presidents

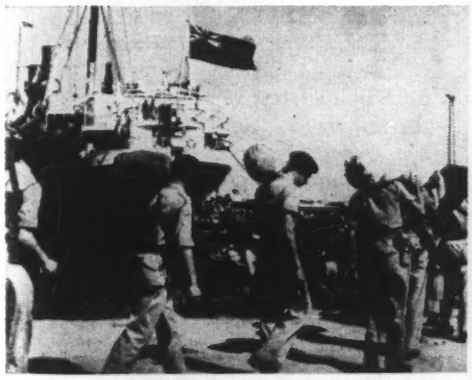
Name	Inaugurated Year	Age	Died	Age
Washington	1789	57	1799	67
J. Adams	1797	61	1826	90
Jefferson	1801	57	1826	83
Madison	1809	57	1836	85
Munroe	1817	58	1831	73
J. Q. Adams	1825	57	1848	80
Jackson	1829	61	1845	78
Van Buren	1837	54	1862	79
Harrison	1841	68	1841	68
Tyler	1841	51	1862	71
Polk	1845	49	1849	53
Taylor	1849	64	1850	65
Fillmore	1850	50	1874	74
Pierce	1853	48	1869	64
Buchanan	1857	65	1868	77
Lincoln	1861	52	1865	56
Johnson	1865	56	1875	66
Grant	1869	46	1885	63
Hayes	1877	54	1893	70
Garfield	1881	49	1881	49
Arthur	1881	50	1886	56
Cleveland	1885	47	1908	71
Harrison	1889	55	1901	67
McKinley	1897	54	1901	58
Roosevelt	1901	42	1919	60
Taft	1909	51	1930	72
Wilson	1913	56	1924	67
Harding	1921	55	1923	57
Coolidge	1923	51	1933	60
Hoover	1929	54	—	—
Roosevelt	1933	51	1945	63
Truman	1945	60	—	—
Eisenhower	1953	62	—	—



Statue of de Lesseps, builder of the Canal, looks out over the Port Said entrance.



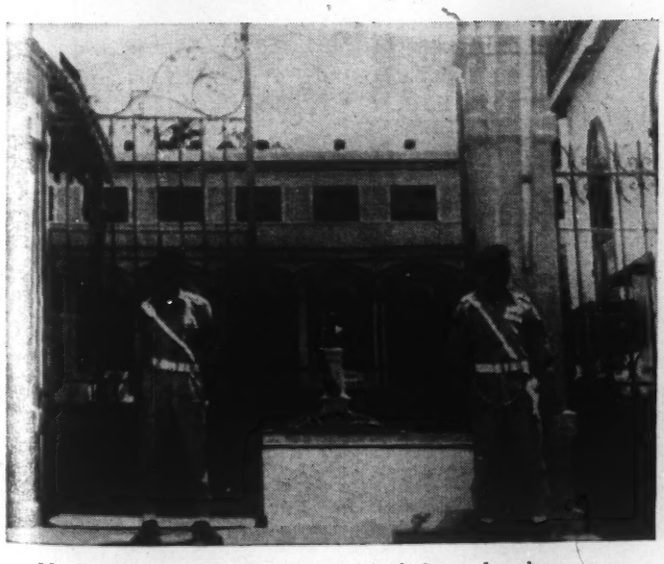
Air convoy, World War II.



British evacuation, 1954.

Suez and Trouble Go Together

It was inevitable that the Suez Canal, from the time it was conceived, should be a trouble spot. This is the measure of its importance as a link between two oceans. Little more than ten years ago it was a prize fought for by the Nazis. The war ended, but there came a surge of nationalism in the East. Two years ago, the British began their reluctant withdrawal of troops from Suez. Now they may return, although it's unlikely. Still, Egyptian seizure of the Canal could set the whole Middle East aflame. The U.S. opposes armed action. India supports Egypt against the U.K.



Nationalization: Egyptians guard Suez headquarters.

Blockade: What happened when a bridge was damaged.

There is a need to look into the mind and motives of any adult who displays a persistent, straining anxiety about the possibility of West Side boys beating East Side in any game.

Backfire of the Neighborhood Spirit

by Brian Cahill

MY WIFE AND I are thinking about selling our house and moving to a neighborhood with less advantages—some place where our 11-year-old son can be neglected.

He is a quiet lad, healthy enough but not very interested in organized sports and team athletics. This puts him in a tough spot in our neighborhood where, it would seem, the sight of a young boy sitting quietly under a tree reading a book sets everyone's teeth on edge.

We had scarcely become settled here about two years ago when hearty adults from what can be called the Neighborhood Recreation Association began urging him to join the association and get on one of its hockey teams. He did, and prepared to give such battle as he was capable of against the dastardly crew of young bullies who, the coach gave him to understand, made up the opposing teams.

He spent a miserable winter.

He was smaller than most of the other boys and not a very good skater. So he spent all but two minutes of each game sitting on the bench, trying to keep warm. When he did get on the ice his performance was such as might be expected from a lad who was cold and miserable and who had a profound and, I must say, intelligent lack of interest in the outcome of the affray. It had dawned on him early in the season that the boys on the opposing teams were not dastardly young bullies but neighborhood boys like himself. He couldn't understand the excitement of the coach and of adult spectators who stood about at each game cheering "their" team on.

"I thought we were going to have fun," he said, "but I don't get to play hardly at all and then they yell at me all the time that I'm no good."

Am I unreasonable in thinking that there is something wrong here?

It seems to me that years ago when communities were not so well organized youngsters were left more to themselves and had more fun.

In wintertime, as I remember, twenty or thirty of us with sticks and skates — and sometimes without skates or with a decrepit stick — would gather on a rink or frozen pond and play a disorganized game in which each lad tried to keep a puck to himself and away from the others.

Usually there were three or four pucks on the ice and this resulted in the natural formation of what a psychologist would probably call "peer groups". The big, skilful boys would chase one puck. The small fellow with the glasses and weak ankles would stumble happily about with other lads of roughly equal ineptness and enthusiasm.

Sometimes a little fellow would dart into a group of bigger boys and snatch the puck for a few glorious moments. Often the big boys would let him hold it a little while and even when one of them did swoop in and take it the little fellow was not humiliated. He was more often than not relieved to have the pressure taken off him and he returned happily, and something of a hero, to his "peer group."

This game was not, I suppose, the best training in the world for professional hockey players. Still the boys enjoyed it and everybody, even those with inadequate equipment, took part. We had some poor boys in our neighborhood but no underprivileged ones.

Anyway, the game seems to be a thing of the past. Today even very young boys are organized into regular hockey, baseball and football teams. Each team has an adult coach, and a squad of adult

Sometimes in neighborhood games even well-meaning coaches become very wrought up.

"rooters", and the main objective seems to be to win the game in order to make the coach happy and give the fathers of the boys something to brag about at the office.

Let's not be unfair. I understand that some coaches and recreation directors, usually men with professional training in physical education, stress the value of the game for its own sake and play down the competitive aspect. In many cases, however, the leagues seem to be run by good-intentioned people who fit very well the description given by a saintly if somewhat irascible Anglican Canon of some of his more trying church workers. They were, said the Canon, "perfect examples of consecrated inefficiency".

During a baseball game in our neighborhood last summer one of the coaches of a team of 12-year-old boys became so wrought up at a decision of the umpire—another volunteer — that he struck him with his fist while the boys looked on.

It seems to me that there's a need to look into the mind and motives of any adult who displays a persistent, straining anxiety about the possibility of the boys on the West side of town beating the boys on the East side in a game.

My own observation of our local hockey league is that the big, skilful boys have a fairly good time at the games although they are apt to be tense because they will get a manly tongue-lashing from the coach if they make a mistake. The moderately skilful boys do not get sufficient exercise but seem to get satisfaction from being members of the team. The little fellow with glasses and weak ankles has a rough time of it. He sits on the bench and his feet get cold.

But to quit and go his lonely way is a hard choice for a boy of nine to twelve years in this age of conformity. It requires more maturity than is possessed by most of the adults who have put him on this spot.

Soon after we arrived in our neighborhood I became associated with a little group of wilful men who opposed a plan by the Recreation Association to tear up an acre or so of woodland that bordered the community. It was planned to construct on the site "additional recreational facilities"—a football field, cinder track, baseball diamond and three or four hockey and skating rinks.

At the civic meeting at which the proposal to tear down the trees was being discussed, there was scarcely a dry eye in the house when the chairman of the committee sponsoring the project told of the humiliation experienced by the boys on the local track team when they were defeated by boys from a community on the other side of the tracks.

There were gasps of indignation when he related that the local team had been forced to train on a track that was *only three-quarters regulation size.*

(It is probably unfair to mention that the opposing team did not have a practice track at all. But then this team was made up mainly of "underprivileged" boys of foreign extraction who developed their leg muscles by walking paper routes, riding delivery bicycles and other unsportsmanlike devices; they were accustomed to keeping up these activities all summer when our boys were forced to be away at camp or at the family summer cottage.)

It was the consensus of the meeting that the lack of a regulation cinder track and other sports facilities was doing untold damage to the physical development and the personalities of the growing boys of the community.

A halting suggestion from one of our little group that organized athletics was not the full answer to the recreational needs of youngsters was received in uneasy silence—as if something indecent had been said.

There was more reaction when another trouble-maker said that all a youngster needed to develop a body like Charles Atlas was four feet of space and a set of Indian Clubs. He was roundly booed. When he was heard to mutter something about the character-building value of the common lawn-mower there was talk of lynching.

A teacher who advanced the crackpot suggestion that some thought and money might go to the provision of a civic library or some place where the older boys and girls could hear music, stage plays, dance and be reasonably free from jolly, adult organizers, was received quite politely. The chairman thanked her for her interest. It was good, he said, shooting a meaningful glance at the chairman of the school commission, to see that teachers had enough free time to attend meetings of this nature; and they certainly should feel free to express themselves at all times on matters of general community interest. He could scarcely go along with the suggestion, however, that the boys and girls should be turned loose in a dance hall without adult supervision, but perhaps he was old-fashioned in such matters. In any event, if nobody had anything further of a practical nature to contribute, he would put the question.

He did and it was carried by a great majority and as I write this a bulldozer is ripping through the last stand of trees for miles around in this rapidly-developing suburban district. Some children are watching the bulldozer at work and one little girl is crying because a family of wild rabbits lived in the woodland and now they will have nowhere to go.

I know how the little girl feels and I think I know how the rabbits feel.

A MAN'S ale

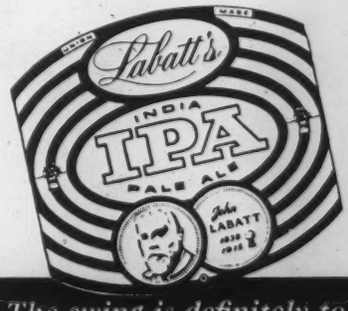
"A job like mine takes it out of you"

with BODY in it

"But Labatt's IPA puts it right back in," *says Harvey Tierney, Toronto.*

Long to taste the tang of a real *man's* ale? Then call for the ale with *real* body and flavour to it —Labatt's IPA. The man-size satisfaction of your first cool glass of IPA is worth waiting for—worth calling for again. Harvey Tierney satisfies his man-size taste with IPA . . . you can, too. Call for IPA—soon.

Find out about IPA . . . *the ale that satisfies the man in you!* Enjoy IPA in your favourite hotel or tavern, or next time you order ale for your home. Start enjoying the ale with body . . . flavour . . . *ZEST!* The man's ale—IPA!



The swing is definitely to

LABATT'S

To the law-abiding citizens the most disturbing aspect of the business is the apparent powerlessness of the police.

A funeral that outshone any of the obsequies of Chicago.

London: Gangsters and Prostitutes

by Beverley Nichols

LONDON is a city of many reputations; she has earned pride of place as a centre of commerce, as a seat of learning, and as a citadel of freedom. She is now rapidly gaining a new and less enviable renown as a city of crime and violence, in which gang warfare is waged as fiercely as in the days of Al Capone.

This situation has been developing ever since the war, but it is only comparatively recently that it has come to a head. The chief trouble centre is Soho, the crowded cosmopolitan quarter that is bounded by Piccadilly to the South and Oxford Street to the North.

To the historian, Soho recalls a host of colorful names, from Hogarth and Dr. Johnson to Karl Marx; to the gourmet it evokes endless memories of exotic meals in tiny restaurants. But to the modern policeman it means gambling dens, brothels, the shadiest of night-clubs and the flash of razors at street corners.

The revelations of the activities of the Soho gangsters have caused Londoners to rub their eyes. Who would have believed, for instance, that in the respectable district of Leytonstone we should be treated to such a revolting public spectacle as the recent funeral of Thomas Smithson?

"Blasphemous vulgarity": Floral dice among the wreaths.

The shady side of Bond Street.

Smithson was a small-time, razor-slasher gambler with a murderous twist to his wrist. When he met his death in a shooting affray even his widow did not weep for him. "The time for tears," she told the press, "was many years ago." And yet, at the cemetery of St. Patrick's, Smithson was given a funeral that outshone any of the obsequies of Chicago. The streets were blocked with Rolls Royces, through whose windows the scarred faces of other gangsters leered at the crowds. The flowers were of an opulence that would have befitted a film star. As a crowning piece of blasphemous vulgarity, there were two gigantic square wreaths modelled to simulate gambling dice.

A few days later, in connection with yet another skirmish in the gang war, the solemn precincts of the Old Bailey were the scene of an even more shameful spectacle. A little crook with a sneering face leant against the railings of the witness box—he ignored the judge's order to stand up straight—and casually informed the court, "I am the boss of the underground." Having made this astonishing declaration, he was allowed to walk out of the court scot-free, because there were no legal

grounds on which action could be taken against him.

The crook in question was a man with an appalling record of robbery with violence, by the name of Billy Hill. He was a witness in yet another case of razor-slashing, involving yet another deeply scarred gentleman whose real name is Comer but who prefers to be known as Jack Spot, King of Soho. Spot was acquitted in this case of the crime of razor-slashing "Bugsie" Falco. (Even the names in these dramas have the true Chicago ring.) Having been acquitted, he returned to his flat in luxurious Hyde Park Mansions, accompanied by his pretty wife Rita, to be loudly cheered by a crowd of five hundred Londoners who had to be held back by the police.

To the law-abiding citizen, the most disturbing aspect of the whole sorry business is the apparent powerlessness of the police.

Meanwhile the parade of prostitutes chokes the streets, while the police look on. As it would be unkind to suggest that they are acquiescent, one must assume that they are impotent, for the trade routes of these sirens are as regular, as well-charted, and as well-known as any thoroughfare of commerce.

Between the hours of four and six it is impossible for a single man to walk down any of the streets that lead into Bond Street without being accosted by these women, who are so brazen that they think nothing of seizing him by the arm. From six to eight they transfer their activities to Curzon Street and Shepherd's Market. From eight o'clock onwards the main streets are Shaftesbury Avenue, along the Haymarket and around Piccadilly Circus. There are regular "token" arrests, of course, but as the fine is only two guineas, and as they are immediately released to resume their activities, they naturally regard this penalty as derisory.

And the British Press — what is that doing about it all? Well, it is rising to the occasion, or sinking to it, as you prefer. Perhaps the most shocking front page of a Sunday newspaper that I have ever seen was provided by a recent issue of Lord Kemsley's *Sunday Graphic*, edited by Gordon McKenzie — a lovable Scotsman in the true Fleet Street tradition, with a fanatical eye for news, a stomach ulcer, and a pew in the Presbyterian church.

Gordon splashed his front page with the headline: The Woman Who Saves £3,000 a Year.

Underneath was a photograph of a smartly dressed woman of thirty-five (a very ugly woman too) roaring with laughter. He printed her name—Claire Gronlid, prostitute, with four convictions. And apparently proud of it. She boasted in an interview that she would shortly have £13,000 in the bank.

We are a wonderful people.

OTTAWA LETTER

The Failure of the Opposition

by John A. Stevenson

IT IS CURIOUS that in the first year of operation of new rules of procedure designed to shorten the length of sessions, the Federal Parliament should have had the second longest session in its history. From it the St. Laurent Ministry and the Liberal party ought to have emerged with their stock of credit with the voters badly damaged. But, while Gallup polls do reveal some drop in their popularity, there are signs that the decline has been checked.

The Progressive-Conservatives and the CCF, allied against the Government's plan for financing the Trans-Canada gas pipeline, had a powerful case supported by effective material arguments. But they could have made it even stronger. The pipeline is an addition to the physical equipment of the country, which has been expanding at such a rapid rate that its growth is creating dangerous inflationary pressures.

When the election comes round, however, the Government is going to claim credit for promoting an enterprise, which will increase the wealth of the country and provide employment.

In their efforts at exculpation, the Liberals will be helped by certain backslidings of the Opposition.

At one stage in the session, the Opposition had the Government in a situation of grave embarrassment, but somehow failed to press home the advantage. They had the Cabinet in a cleft stick over the brazen partisanship of the Speaker and his indiscreet letter to a journalist. The only reason for the summoning of the Senate to reassemble a week before the time limit of its adjournment could have been the conviction of a majority of the Ministers then in Ottawa that a new Speaker must be found. But Mr. Beaudoin was saved from the doom awaiting him by the personal intervention of the Prime Minister. It was a pitiable performance and a devastating exposé of its fallacies and casuistry should have been easy. But the exposé was not made.

George Drew: Delights opponents.

There was a similar retreat in the debate over the Government's proposals for new fiscal arrangements with the provinces.

Premier Frost of Ontario must have been grievously disappointed over this outcome. A chill of his newborn enthusiasm for co-operation with his Federal allies in the next election (vital for them) would be intelligible.

The net result of some of the tactics of the Opposition was to convey the impression to the public that it was either not equipped or had not the heart to carry on fights in good causes to a decisive finish.

Then the decision of Mr. Drew to withdraw from Parliament for a rest cure, two weeks before the end of the session, delighted the Liberals and dismayed some of his friends.

The Opposition and many commentators in the press have been harping on the theme that Prime Minister St. Laurent is an enfeebled old man, who has become apathetic about politics and shows a marked reluctance to shoulder the full responsibilities of his office, such as parliamentary leadership. This charge had substance, but apparently his visit to Britain reinvigorated him, and in the closing weeks of the session he reasserted his leadership effectively, on numerous occasions. He had the advantage over Mr. Drew of a holiday from parliamentary strife, but the fact remains that although 12 years older than Mr. Drew, he carried on till the end of the session, while Mr. Drew retired from it. So the Liberals, taking their cue from some pointed observations on the subject by Mr. Howe, are now claiming that Mr. St. Laurent is in better physical condition than Mr. Drew.

Oscar Peterson

Maureen Forrester

Rudolf Serkin

Stratford Revisited: Amazing Festival

by Robertson Davies

A final look at the variety of a rich and extraordinary event. Overheard during an interval: "The theatre audiences here are more *mondaine* in appearance, musical audiences truly *chthonic*."

TUESDAY: Catch morning train to Stratford, instructed by SATURDAY NIGHT to take a thorough look at the Festival. Find I am travelling with two of the Modern Jazz Quartet, also young lady obviously Stratford-bound who says to her companion, "Do you have the magazines, perchance?" Shakespeare clearly has her in his grip.

This afternoon to the film festival in the Avon movie house, and am one of fifty or so to see *A Short Vision* (horrifying short about the A-bomb, done in an interesting painting technique), *Neighbours* by Norman McLaren, who seems to be widely known as a genius everywhere except in his native Canada, and *Berliner Ballade*. This last is a wryly humorous fantasy of war and post-war miseries, technically crude by Hollywood standards but brilliantly inventive and full of vitality. These three films treated their medium as an art, capable of conveying and provoking thought, rather than as a picture of reality; thus they differ from the Hollywood and Ealing jobs which treat film as fantasy, dressed up with realistic trappings to delude the unsophisticated that it is all like life.

This evening to the Music Pavilion to hear Rudolf Serkin play four Schubert Impromptus superbly — especially the A flat, Op. 142, which so many people play with immense romantic agony, but which he rolled off in a spirit of exquisitely simple lyricism. As a pianist he is a bouncer, a hummer and caresser of the keys; all the mannerisms against which young pianists are warned are seen in this great artist, and they do not detract a jot from his stature. In the second part of the program Serkin accompanied Martial Singher in a complete performance of Schubert's *Die Schöne Müllerin*. It was a finely balanced, musically distinguished rendering, but I wished that Mr. Singher had given us a little more strongly the sense of pastoral tragedy which is at the heart of this work. His treatment of the love-sick young miller was a little too contemporary; unless we see him with all the airs and graces of the first quarter of the nineteenth century, one of his dimensions is lacking. But this is perhaps a pernickety and literary criticism.

WEDNESDAY: Again to the film festival and saw another pleasant McLaren experiment, *Begone Dull Care*, followed by Gene Kelly's new film, *Invitation to Dance*. This was in three parts: 1, a mawkish piece about Pierrot and Pierrette; 2, a bit of gluey social satire which derived from Schnitzler's *Reigen*, but not enough to give it distinction; 3, *Sinbad*, in which the sailor and the genie are an American gob and a little American boy, embroiled with a number of cartoon figures. Technically brilliant, this film was nevertheless dull, bad, long and afflicted with that excessive sweetness, that diabetes of the imagination, which ruins a good deal of American creative work.

In the evening to a Jazz Concert in which the Apollonian approach of the Modern Jazz Quartet was contrasted with the Dionysiac (or possibly even orgasmic) style of Oscar Peterson. The MJQ was cool, musicianly, and wonderfully varied for what was, in essence, a percussion group. Was interested that they persuade their devotees to swallow, without wincing, canon, fugue and counterpoint—the very blood and bones of long-hair music. If the cats are conquered by this classicism we shall hope next to hear fugues even in those last strongholds of really bad music, the churches. Peterson's group, though more obviously and immediately stirring, was less musically interesting, because his thematic material was poorer and the emotional background of his stuff, though intense, was narrow. He seemed possessed by the notion that single short phrases, repeated several times, gained meaning through repetition. This is the principle of magical incantation, the witch-doctor ap-

proach, and so far as I was concerned it did not work.

John Hammond acted as commentator on the program, and had not prepared what he wanted to say; consequently he was reduced to exploiting the dubious charms of ineptitude.

In the interval, overheard a really highbrow remark: "The theatre audiences here are more *mondaine* in appearance but I think the musical audiences are more truly *chthonic*, don't you?" You will find that one only in a really big dictionary.

THURSDAY: This morning to the exhibition of pictures by Pavel Tchelitchew and Leslie Hurry. I greatly liked Tchelitchew's studies of flayed men, and brains and veins; his monsters from the deep Unconscious are wonderfully stimulating to one's own imagination. A catalogue note says that Hurry's pictures "are basically related to the conditions of our times"; basically, perhaps, but certainly not obviously, unless you take a strongly romantic view of our times. But they are wonderful in themselves, and have a splendid sense of style.

In the afternoon to hear Inge Borkh and Alexander Welitsch sing—*lieder*, principally. It would not be fair to offer an opinion on a performance which was in rivalry with thunder, lightning, and the season's heaviest rain. Fate was against them; the lights failed; one of Madame Borkh's earrings burst from its mooring and shot into the front row. Faithful servants of the public, they sang on, but all hope of nuance had to be abandoned. They concluded with a splendid duet from Weber's *Euryanthe*, and I wondered wistfully why we hear so few duets, considering the fairly rich store of them which exists. What about a duet-recital?

I am told on good authority that Claudio Arrau, after his experience this year, counts Stratford one of the six really significant artistic festivals in the world, which, from such a source, is the highest kind of praise.

The Metropolitan Store is offering an attractive bargain in little plaster Shakespeares, in beige or white, at 98 cents.

FRIDAY: To *Henry V* this evening, and found that as Christopher Plummer was ill, William Shatner was playing the lead. He carried it off with great credit to himself, and received a well-deserved personal ovation at the end of the play. His only sign of nervousness was some inaudibility when he spoke softly. Once again the wisdom of having so many first-rate actors in the company was proven; not only was the understudy much more than adequate, but all the supporting cast were able to weigh in with valuable assistance.

The production has ripened impressively, owing chiefly to the director's custom of watching it often, checking any slackness, and tightening any loose ends. This is now a production of absolutely first-rate quality. Although I do not like the way the choruses have been transposed and moved from their proper places in the text, I was conscious several times of that prickling of the backbone and that stirring of the hair which is, for me, the sign that I am being deeply excited and moved by a theatrical performance . . . Afterwards a lady said to me, "I met a woman who saw you at the jazz concert, and she said that you were utterly confused". Now who, I wonder, can this mind-reader have been? However I may have looked, I was conscious of no confusion.

SATURDAY: This afternoon saw *The Merry Wives of Windsor* again; it has improved even more than *Henry*, but then, it had farther to go. It has sweetened greatly, and the charm of the play is allowed to emerge more plainly. I have already praised the principal players, therefore let me say here how much Bruno Gerussi, Douglas Rain, Lloyd Bochner and David Gardner add to the pleasure of this creation, in minor parts. The afternoon was very hot, and although the audience was made up, by and large, of clean people, the second half of the play was performed, in the play's own words, amid the rankest compound of villainous smell that ever offended nostril. All the more reason for the new theatre.

In the evening attended the last concert of the musical festival, which was wisely chosen and elegantly brief. The director had the excellent idea of *not* arranging the program chronologically, and it began with Bartok's *Music for Strings, Percussion and Celesta;* an elderly lady, seated near me, was expecting Mozart, and was audibly amazed. Harry Somers' *Five Songs for Dark Voice* was beautifully sung by Maureen Forrester; it had lyric passages of delicate beauty and if the city which is the theme of the cycle is Toronto, as I believe it to be, Toronto should think itself greatly complimented. It would have been pleasant to acclaim the composer at the end of this work, for he was in the audience, but somehow this courtesy had been overlooked. Then came the Mozart —one of his contralto concert arias and the stirring, enchanting "Haffner". A fine evening.

There are a lot of good stories going around Stratford. One concerns a Chicago couple who turned up at the theatre one night with tickets which were correct in every respect, save that they were for the theatre in Stratford, Connecticut. As they departed the lady was heard to say, with a slight edge to her voice, "If there was a mistake that *could* be made, *you'd* make it" . . . Caught the 4.52 a.m train, and chugged, rattled and puffed away into the dawn, leaving behind this extraordinary, rich, unpretentious and altogether amazing festival.

"The Merry Wives": Douglas Campbell (Falstaff) and Bruno Gerussi (Landlord).

That Dares Not Speak Its Name

by Robertson Davies

THE BEST NEW NOVEL that I have read in a long time is Angus Wilson's *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes*. It imitates nobody, yet it brings to mind the work of earlier writers of acknowledged greatness. It is penetrating and illuminating, but it never for an instant strives for a bogus profundity. It has a wide range of characters —45 of them, counting those who are dead — ranging through many levels of society, but none are caricatured and none are patronized. Though long and full the action moves swiftly and there is not a pulpy or over-written page. It has at least three levels of meaning—the story itself, which is an excellent one, the comment on life which is implicit in the action of the characters upon one another, and the criticism of our society which makes such people possible. All of this is managed with perfect control, and with a style and finish which rouses the spirits.

The plot does not lend itself to summary. Briefly, the book is about Professor Gerald Middleton, an authority on a part of Anglo-Saxon history, who seems in the eyes of the world to be a success, for not only is he distinguished and handsome, but he has also the comforts which inherited wealth can provide. But Middleton knows himself to be a hollow man, who has failed his wife, his children and his mistress. What seems to be a chance for vindication of himself comes when he discovers that what seemed to be an important archaeological discovery is in reality a fake; what shall he do? He does the right thing, the scholarly thing, but the effect is not what he had hoped for. His character is his destiny, and a single courageous action is not enough to redeem him.

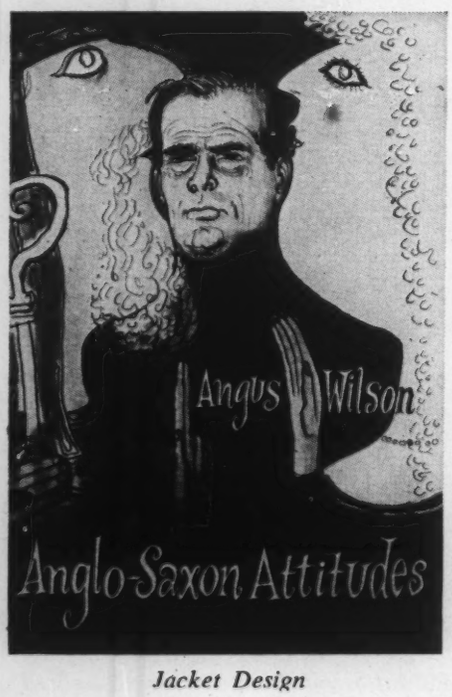
Sounds grim, doesn't it? We have all read these novels about hollow men, and have discerned, behind them, the figures of even hollower authors. Anglo-Saxon history, and archaeology, are not matters which most of us bother our heads about. But this book is new evidence in support of something which every critic knows: there is no material so shop-worn or intransigent that an author of great ability cannot make it fresh and absorbing. This whole book vibrates with life.

It is not without blemishes, and sentimental people will not like it. Mr. Wilson looks at his characters with just, but not loving eyes. There is not one of them

Compton Mackenzie: "Thin Ice".

that we should seriously wish to know; but the reason is that we know them already—we can put other names to most of them. There is no pity and precious little compassion, in this book and, after all, why should there be? It is not necessary for literature to promote these qualities.

The book has the strength of a work in which the writer has been true to himself. Mr. Wilson could easily have pumped up some pity, if he had seen fit to do so; he could have thrown into the mixture a cupful of synthetic compassion. There are plenty of writers who work on that principle all the time. But he preferred instead to write truly, letting the right readers seek out his book, and refusing to make his book seek out the greatest possible number of readers. He has had the reward of his courage, for his book has been a striking critical and popular success in England, and should certainly appear on this continent.



Jacket Design

It is the most refreshing thing in the novel line to appear in a long while. Its roots are nourished in the soil that sustained Fielding, Dickens and Thackeray; it does not, as so many novels have done with varying success, seek to push further along the paths explored by Proust or Joyce. There is much to be said for the English tradition in the novel, and it is good to see a writer of first-rate ability who is happy in that tradition.

An element in the novel which I found of particular interest is the predicament of Gerald Middleton's second son, John. He is a popular public figure, a defender of the Little Man and the Forgotten Cause; he is a spouter and grimacer on television, with a big following. But he is also a homosexual, and he is in danger of sacrificing his public character to his private character; his companion is a wretched Irish lad called Larrie Rourke, whom he thinks can be reformed. (The people in this book are, many of them, specialists in various sorts of fake compassion; they will not, or cannot, see any situation clearly.) John's problem is one of the many threads of plot in the book.

Now, homosexuals in novels are nothing new, but I think Mr. Wilson's treatment is so. He treats John with neither pity nor ridicule, but he makes chillingly clear the knife-edge which a man walks who is in the grip of a homosexual passion. He also demonstrates that, just as in heterosexual love, the whole character of the man determines the particular character of the passion. Is there any reason to suppose that a homosexual love, in a man of fine character, may not be a fine emotion?

Alas, the circumstances which surround this particular manifestation of Eros make any definite answer to that question impossible. A passion which must be hidden, and gratified on the sly, will have difficulty in taking a noble form. And that is the theme of a very interesting novel by that accomplished old hand, Compton Mackenzie, called *Thin Ice*. Its hero is a gifted Englishman of the upper class, Henry Fortescue, who seems destined for high office in the government. Education, high intelligence, connections, money, charm—he has everything that is wanted to carry a man to the top, and when he is young it seems that the Prime

Minister's desk is not too high for him to seek it. But he is in John Middleton's position; he seeks love among men, and his affection attaches itself to unworthy objects; in his sixties he has lost all pride and his intrigues are dangerous in every way. It is a relief to his friends when he is killed in the Blitz without having incurred open disgrace.

The author tells this story through the mouth of a friend of Fortescue's—a very decent, compassionate man called George Gaymer. It is a chilling tale, and as a study of disintegration, and the poison of concealment and disappointed hopes working together, it is masterly.

Will such books as these succeed in creating among their readers a greater understanding for homosexuals? Their problem is very much under examination at present, and in a book called *They Stand Apart* it is given a serious critical examination by several informed persons, the editor being His Honor Judge Tudor Rees. He himself writes of the English law relating to the matter, Viscount Hailsham relates it to society as a whole, and the Rev. D. S. Bailey writes of it in the light of Christian morals. The medical aspect of the question is discussed by Dr. Lindesay Neustatter. All of these articles are excellent, being neither impassioned pleas for, nor diatribes against. But the latter part of the book contains extracts from debates on the topic in the House of Lords, and the Commons. These are what make the hair stand on end.

Dislike of homosexuality is understandable. But what are we to make of the savage condemnation of that condition which seems to find such eloquent expression in these debates? There are, apparently, sensible and moderate men in the British Parliament, and it is encouraging to find members of the clergy among them, but where do these violent old fire-eaters come from, and where have they been all their lives? Little enough is known about the genesis of homosexuality, and much that is believed to be true about its manifestations begins to look like old wives' tales. But it is perfectly clear that persecution, abuse and elaborate protestations of revulsion cannot reveal anything except the cruelty of the person who speaks. If we can get at the root of this cruelty we may begin to correct a serious injustice.

From such novels as *Thin Ice* and *Anglo-Saxon Attitudes* we may hope for much. Novels have an honorable history of changing social attitudes.

Anglo-Saxon Attitudes, by Angus Wilson —pp. 412—*British Books*—$3.25.

Thin Ice, by Compton Mackenzie — pp. 224—*Clarke, Irwin*—$2.75.

They Stand Apart, edited by Tudor Rees —pp. 212—*Heinemann*—$4.25

PERSONA GRATA

Jackie Parker and Friends

by Trent Frayne

The accomplished young man from Tennessee handles a football with such deception that spectators sometimes wonder if there is a ball. And they may not want to pay for what they can't see.

Jackie Parker and Grey Cup.

FOLLOWING the final whistle of the opening game of the 1954 football season in Toronto, sports writers and other toffs assembled in the depths of Varsity Stadium for a vessel of wassail and, if unavoidable, the pearls of wisdom that always tumble from a winning coach's mouth.

Between dollops, the assembled fauna applauded the performance of Ted Toogood, a homebrew halfback who had been employed as fullback by the Argonauts. Mr. Toogood, a lithe and earnest young man, had somehow contrived to dash forty-odd yards with the winning touchdown.

At length the coach entered, an angular professorial lachrymose gentleman named Frank Clair, who now charges his cerebral batteries on behalf of the Ottawa Rough Riders but who at that time was thinking constantly for Argonaut capital.

"Toogood looked great at fullback, eh coach?" suggested one of the more indiscreet reporters, glancing up from the eating board.

Prof. Clair scowled.

"I won't know till Monday," he observed, "when I see the movies."

Football, friends, has become a damned complicated game, particularly for the lowly spectator who does not have benefit of a post-contest seance with the magic of the 16-mm. camera. Actually, in Prof. Clair's defence, it ought to be pointed out that he *did* see his man Toogood rip off the forty-odd yards. He wanted to look at the game's movies to ascertain whether Toogood had the ability to fulfill such other fullback requirements as providing protection for the passer and blocking adequately for the other halfbacks.

Nevertheless, the point has been reached in the game where few coaches are bold enough to confess they know the final score before first checking their film files, and the poor clod who pays three dollars to watch the game is growing more and more confused.

Largely, this is because the Edmonton Eskimos have come up with a Canadian modification of the split-T, the invention of one Don Faurot at Missouri in 1941. Essentially, the split-T is a ground offensive, based on deception and perfect timing. The deception, as demonstrated by quarterback Jackie Parker, who is possibly the best football player in Canada today, gives fits to opponents, who can't find the ball, and to the spectators, who are beginning to suspect there *is* no ball.

The Eskimos have been making mincemeat of their opponents in the Western Conference, and a lark of the Grey Cup final for two years, which is all right with me. Trouble is, their success on the ground is driving other coaches to imitate them, and that's what's lousing up the game. Ball-control is the phrase that's swept the West, meaning that you keep possession as long as you can on the fairly fundamental theory that the other guy can't score as long as you've got the ball.

This insidious reasoning is seeping east, too, where both Ottawa and Hamilton have tried variations of the split-T. The Argonauts and the Alouettes are letting their customers see the ball, but an unnerving thought is that they're doing it only because they've got a ton of money tied up in their quarterbacks. Both Etcheverry and Dublinsky have an antipathy for the football and rid themselves of it as quickly as possible, right in plain sight. This would be heresy in the West, and heaven help the poor folks if those two ever leave us.

Naive Easterners are as yet unaware of the soporific ingredients that constitute true ball-control. It's like watching two

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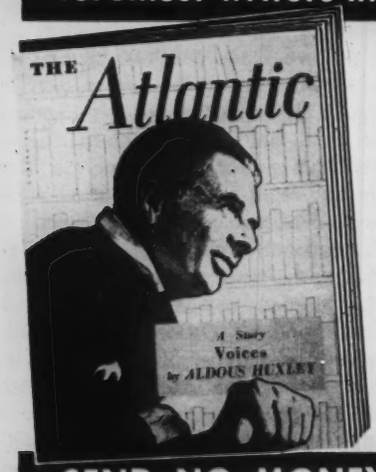

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counter-punchers in the ring, each patiently waiting for the other to lead. After ten rounds the next waltz is a gent's tag. The last two Grey Cup games have been spectacles because they've involved diametrically opposed offenses—the grinding, inexorable ground game of the Eskimos against the wide-open, pass-happy style of the Alouettes.

The point here is that the Eskimos are so good at their own game that they've completely shadowed the deficiencies of that game. An analogy might be a Broadway play in which the star's performance keeps a bad play alive—like Shirley Booth in *The Desk Set*. It ran and ran and ran, not because the author said anything but because the star was magnificent.

The Shirley Booth of the roughneck set is quarterback Parker, an easy-going, deceptively relaxed-looking tiger with a brain of pure football. Parker's dedication to the game is — ah — unusual. In the summer of 1952 he couldn't get an athletic scholarship in the rugged Southeastern Conference, which consists of colleges in Alabama, Tennessee, Georgia and Mississippi, because he was married. So he got a divorce, became the leading scorer in the United States, then married the girl all over again a year later.

Parker turned twenty-four last Jan. 1, wears his blond hair short-clipped, talks in a soft Tennessee drawl—he was born in Knoxville—and walks as though he were lugging corns on every toe. When he was thirteen his appendix ruptured and he was on the hospital's critical list for several days. He'd barely recovered when he contacted a flesh-killing foot infection. Doctors tried various trial-and-error remedies and the condition steadily worsened. After two months it was decided that his right foot would have to be amputated. Parker refused permission. Two days later, inexplicably, the feet began to heal. He had to start wearing expensive inlays, then discovered his right foot was a size-twelve and the left foot a size-eleven. Then he got pneumonia.

In due course he recovered and, with a divorce tossed in, won an athletic scholarship at Mississippi State, a split-T football school which had an assistant coach named Darryl Royal who, it will be recalled, was hired to introduce the split-T to Edmonton in 1953. The first thing Royal did was influence a young Mississippi graduate named Jackie Parker to move to Edmonton when he got his diploma in the spring of '54. Canadians have been marvelling at the spaghetti-legged young man ever since.

He can do most anything with a football, except possibly kick it. He ran ninety-six yards with the winning touchdown in the 1954 Grey Cup final in Toronto, and last season, shifted from halfback to quarterback, he added a deception to the

Pop Ivy: "I'll be fired."

Edmonton backfield that was uncanny. In last year's Grey Cup game in Vancouver he did double-duty as a defensive halfback and intercepted an Etcheverry pass deep in Eskimo territory that killed Montreal's last real chance to get even.

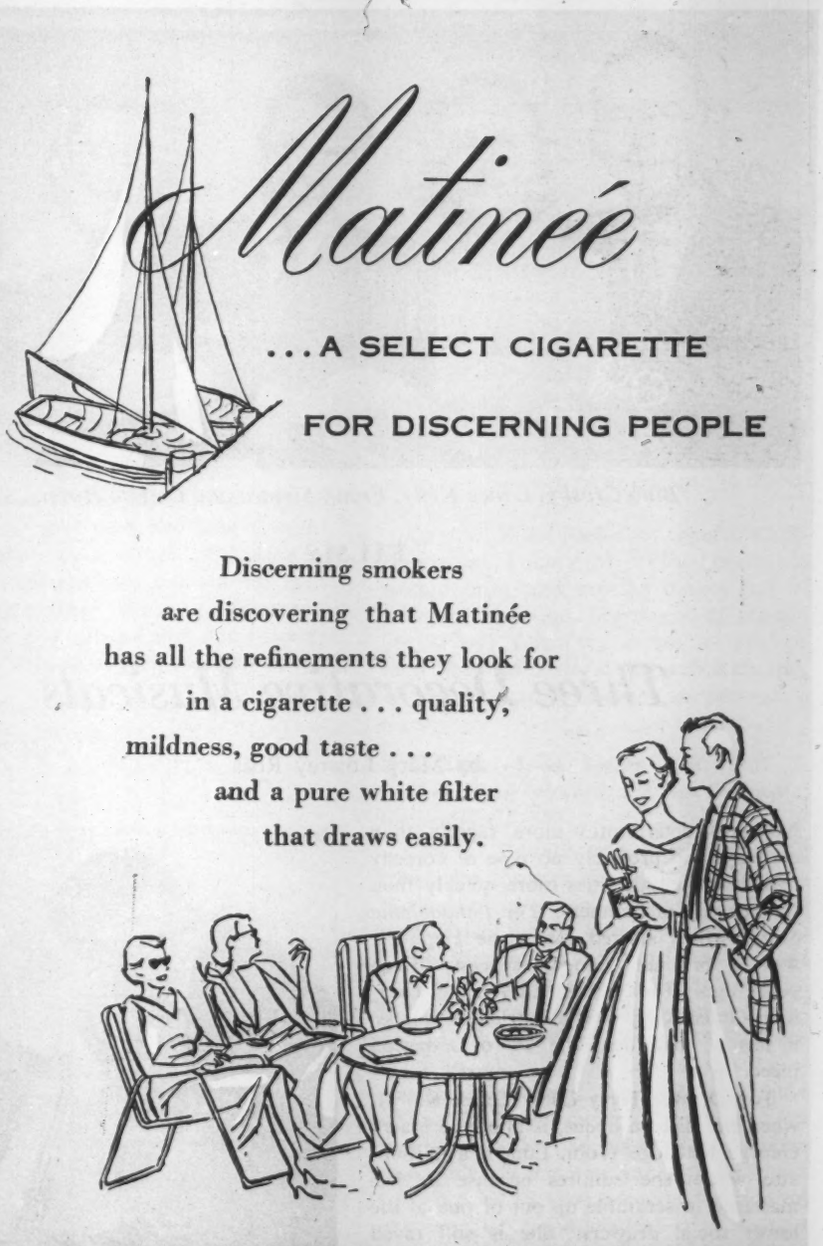
It is not permissible to discuss the Eskimos without reference to the bland mastiff who directs their destructiveness, gentlemanly Frank (Pop) Ivy, the solid, unemotional coach. Ivy is as unobtrusive as a six-foot-three man can be, with good sense, straight answers, and the rosy complexion and light blue eyes of a Swede, which maybe he is. He is a year-round resident of Edmonton now, a graduate of Oklahoma's great split-T system, a businessman-coach devoid of the rah-rah routine, who plays his game of football coldly, analytically. When he's talking to the layman he doesn't clutter up his speech, as a few overly dedicated football writers do, with the technical *patois* of football—he speaks objectively and fundamentally.

Asked if the Esks can make it three in a row, he replies: "We could quite easily be faced with a psychological problem. After a team has won two years in a row, there may be a tendency to become self-satisfied."

On his 1956 offense: "We'll go with the same alignment and same basic offense as last year. However, it is not so much a question of what plays you run as it is how well you execute them."

On split-T monotony: "We've been successful with our system. If we don't win, I'll be fired."

The Eskimos have revolutionized the game, giving it back to the infantry, and the disciples are gathering, in line with the old sports axiom: If you can't beat 'em, join 'em. But it may just turn out that the copyists will be playing their games in private. How many Shirley Booths are there?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Bing Crosby, Grace Kelly, Frank Sinatra and Celeste Holm.

FILMS

Three Decorative Musicals

by Mary Lowrey Ross

NOTHING deteriorates more rapidly than comedy, and probably no type of comedy reveals its telltale lines more quickly than the comedy of manners. *The Philadelphia Story*, which starred Katharine Hepburn, was a brilliant comedy success fifteen years ago. Today, re-titled *High Society*, with Grace Kelly as the capricious heiress, it has a good deal the air of a period piece.

Top Drawer Terry Lord (Grace Kelly), when the picture opens, is about to marry George Kittridge (John Lund), a millionaire whom she admires because he has managed to scramble up out of one of the lower social drawers. She is still loved by her ex-husband (Bing Crosby) and presently Reporter Mike Connor (Frank Sinatra) joins the admiring circle.

Given these arrangements and a few broad hints that follow, no experienced movie-goer will have trouble working out the story in advance. Mike can't marry Terry, because the author has taken pains to provide him with a girl of his own, and she is just the sort of nice suitable girl he is bound to marry in the end, by all the rules of plot construction. Her fiancé can't marry her, because he is shocked at her for getting tight and suspects her of being loose, thus indicating his own low origins. So Mike and his girl are happily paired off, the fiancé is let out of the picture, the author's knee planted firmly in the middle of his back, and Terry marries her jazz millionaire ex-husband, story and heroine having gone the longest way round to find the obvious way home.

Even with a plot that now seems as innocent as a piece of old-fashioned tat-

Tyrone Power and Kim Novak.

ting, *High Society* is a pleasant picture to watch and listen to. The Cole Porter music is tuneful, the lyrics are tricky and informal and Grace Kelly, of course, is beautiful. She hasn't Katharine Hepburn's high peremptory charm, but she has facility and grace and she is enchanting when tipsy, which is a far more exacting exercise than it looks. Bing Crosby, Frank Sinatra and Louis Armstrong, three of the world's highest paid entertainers, go about earning their prodigious salaries with all their usual competence.

The King and I, which began as a novel, has by this time been translated into every posible medium including, no doubt, Braille. The current screen musical version presents Deborah Kerr as the unflinching English widow who goes out to teach geography to the children of the King of Siam, and to enlighten the monarch himself on the principles of mid-nineteenth century British democracy. The situation provides endless material for mild comedy, as well as opportunity for big specialty numbers. It seemed a little odd at first to hear the decorous widow line out a Rodgers and Hammerstein lyric while waiting on the wharf for transportation to the palace, but one soon becomes accustomed to the novelty. In any case, the music is attractive and so is Miss Kerr, whatever she happens to be doing.

The real star, however, is Yul Brynner, who played the role on Broadway. He is a magnificent and alarming figure, with a fiercely patriarchal sense—to which he is honorably entitled as the father of 104 children—combined with a childlike faith in the Western point of view. It would have been easy for the screen author to have parodied the story of an Oriental potentate and a British lady of the firmest possible principles, and it is greatly to the credit of the picture that it has preserved, in the midst of all the musical comedy embellishments, a straightforward account of an odd and touching human relationship.

Tyrone Power plays Eddie Duchin in *The Duchin Story*, and handles his piano-playing with authority and style. Once or twice I thought I caught him working on the treble while Carmen Cavallaro, who does the heavy work off screen, was handling the bass, but this may have been illusion. In any case it *sounded* fine.

The story itself is a lugubrious one. Pianist Duchin comes to New York, makes an instant success in Central Park Casino, and marries a rich, beautiful and devoted wife (Kim Novak). But the wife dies in childbirth, and though after twelve years he finds another mate (Victoria Shaw), this marriage too is fated, since the hero by this time has contracted leukaemia. Fortunately, the music is cheerful.

Yul Brynner and Deborah Kerr.

Light Music With a Wallop

by William Krehm

The Three Penny Opera: Kurt Weill and Bert Brecht with Liane as Polly Peachum and chorus and chamber orchestra of The Vienna State Opera, F. Charles Adler, Conductor; *Vanguard VRS 9002*

Over two centuries ago George Frederick Handel was ruined when a saucy little popular opera knocked the props out from under his flourishing Italian operatic business. It was *The Beggar's Opera* written by John Gay with music cribbed by a Dr. Pepusch from popular songs and, adding insult to injury, from Handel himself. Instead of dealing with the high-flown subjects of classical literature as Italian opera did, it told a racy tale of underworld life and romance, and turned the edge of its satire against both Italian opera and the morality of officialdom.

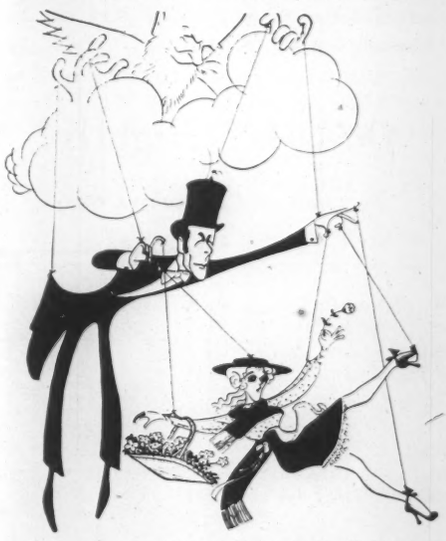
Two centuries later in the Germany of the Weimar Republic, where profiteering and corruption flourished rankly in the humus of misery and despair, the leftest poet Bert Brecht and the composer Kurt Weill put their heads together and wrote a new version of *The Beggar's Opera* that made the original seem naive and starry-eyed. Instead of the fresh-cheeked folk tunes that Pepusch drew on, the *Three Penny Opera* is written largely to jazz—not the joyous red-blooded New Orleans jazz but the blasé and sickly stuff that echoed through the low dives of Europe's large cities. It is peopled with pimps, tarts, murderers who preach a morality that is a biting take-off on the code reigning in politer circles. It resounds with the sordid blare of the saxophone, the rasp of banjo, the wheeze of accordions.

The present production is superb, with the celebrated *chanteuse* Liane in the role of Polly Peachum. Though in German the record comes with an English translation. It is light music but it packs a tremendous wallop.

My Fair Lady: lyrics by Alan Jay Lerner; music by Frederick Loewe with Rex Harrison and Julie Andrews; *Columbia OL 5090*

This musical comedy based on Shaw's *Pygmalion* is a very different kettle of fish. The world has travelled far since 1912 when Shaw could argue that "the reformer we need most today is an energetic phonetic enthusiast". And today the subject of Shaw's earnest comedy seems particularly fitting for a light and tripping musical, with the score adding a new twist.

The lyrics by Lerner pick many of the plums in Shaw's play and preface and add some raisins of their own. The only major departure from the Shavian plot is the shifting of the Tea Party scene to a box at the Ascot Races to permit the American authors to step back and take a look at the English as a whole. H's drop and bounce thick and fast, and with the variety of accents there emerge differences of character and outlook that don't strengthen Shaw's thesis of the possibility of uplift



Cover: "My Fair Lady".

through applied phonetics. But you can safely leave such heavy sociological problems to others and enjoy the racy lines that the exigencies of rhyme only occasionally lead about by the nose. The score of Loewe is made up of many things: period music that brings you back to the uncomplicated pre-World War I times; smooth lilting waltz tunes, and a certain amount of standard filler that you could find in any of a gross of musical comedies. It is a record on which you are likely to wear out a good many needles.

Archy and Mehitabel: A Back-Alley Opera—Words by Joe Dorion; music by George Kleinsinger based on stories of Don Marquis. Carol Channing, Eddie Bracken, narrated by David Wayne; *Columbia ml 4963*

The opera is based on the writing of Don Marquis, a frustrated poet turned columnist and cartoonist who labored for the galleys of the New York daily press in the teens and twenties. Marquis poured out his *weltschmerz* in the character of Archy, the cockroach with an oversized soul. To satisfy his need for self-expression, Archy takes to hurling himself at the typewriter keys (all lower-case because he can't work the shift key). In this role of legman-poet the lowly Archy observes life, develops a hopeless passion for Mehitabel, a glamorous, hard-living alley-cat, reflects on human foibles, pursues his ideal of truth and beauty . . . and begs his employer for more apple-peelings on the side. In short Archy offers an unmistakable parallel to the newspaperman with literary aspirations. Don Marquis's immortal sketches have all the intimate pang of a stomach ulcer engaged in digesting itself.

To this little back-alley opera Kleinsinger (of Tubby the Tuba fame) has written brisk and moving music, full of the dust, blare and heartbreak of big-city life. Carol Channing makes a fabulous Mehitabel, the alley-cat of raucous charms. A record that is bound to become a classic.

Reflections of an Indian Boy: Carl T. Fischer. Paul Weston and his Orchestra; *Columbia CL 788*

Carl T. Fischer was a jazz musician who went through life with deep aspirations filed away to write some serious music. He turned out popular hits like "Who Wouldn't Love You" and worked as Frankie Laine's accompanist. But all the time he was secreting what he considered his real life's work, "Reflections of an Indian Boy" (he himself was three-quarters Cherokee). He wrote very little of this down, but carried it around in his head as one does so many of one's prize possessions. Every now and then he would try out a bit of it on a conductor, and on one occasion taped sections of it so that someone else might undertake the orchestration. When Fischer died at the age of 42 a couple of years ago that tape was dug up and transcribed into notation. Victor Young arranged it for orchestra, and the results are offered by Paul Weston on this disc.

Let Yourself Go: Spanish Two Steps and Dance Music of Colombia and Venezuela. Emil Coleman and his Orchestra; *Decca DL 8183*

We can't claim that this is cool music; it could, however be a homeopathic cure for the heat. Coleman slickens up Spanish and South American dance tunes without denaturing them too much.

Swing Low In Hi Fi: Percy Faith, Spirituals for Orchestra; *Columbia CL 796*

There is nothing particularly spiritual about Percy's faith, but he is an excellent arranger. The spirituals emerge smooth and sophisticated, with plenty of deft touches by an excellent craftsman.

Puzzler

by J. A. H. Hunter

"How D'YOU make up an alphametic?" That's quite a stock question, and so perhaps a simple example will not be out of place.

One way is to start with a short sentence: something that *might* make sense. So maybe we aim to make it a "division sum", like this:

CAT) CAUGHT (HAT

Then we decide that "CAT" must divide exactly "HAT" times into "CAUGHT"; there will be no "remainder". So, with no particular malice afore-thought, we give numerical values to some of the letters:

3AT) 3A059T (9AT

And now comes the tricky part: we have to find values for "A" and "T" which will produce the desired result. And each letter has to stand for a different figure.

You may like to finish this yourself!

Answer on Page 34. (30)

Chess Problem

by 'Centaur'

THE OLD GERMAN SCHOOL of composition won so much favor that it was given a second name, the Continental School, by many players. It became a recognized standard for problems in three and four moves, except in Bohemia and England. Leading exponents were the Viennese trio M. Feigl, Konrad Erlin and Ottmar Nemo, along with the Rev. J. Jespersen of Denmark and Emil Pradignat of France.

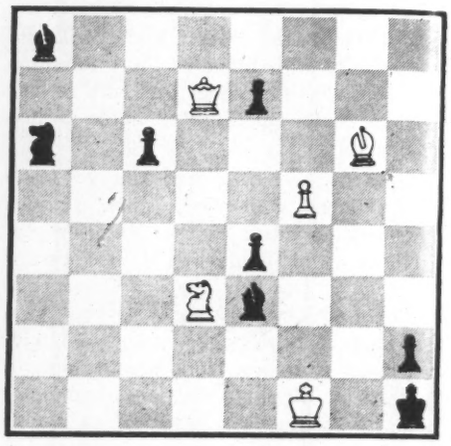
Not many of the famous were Germans. Two, J. Kohtz and C. Kockelkorn, left their ranks, and their tendency was termed the German Thematic Renaissance. Most others followed on for the start of the Modern German School.

Solution to Problem 147.

Key-move 1.Q-B6, threatening 2.Kt-Kt2 mate. If KxKt; 2.Q-B3 mate. If BxKt; 2.QxP mate. If QxQ; 2.R-Q3 mate. If KtxQ; 2.Kt-Q5 mate. If PxQ; 2.RxR mate. If R-K5; 2.QxR mate.

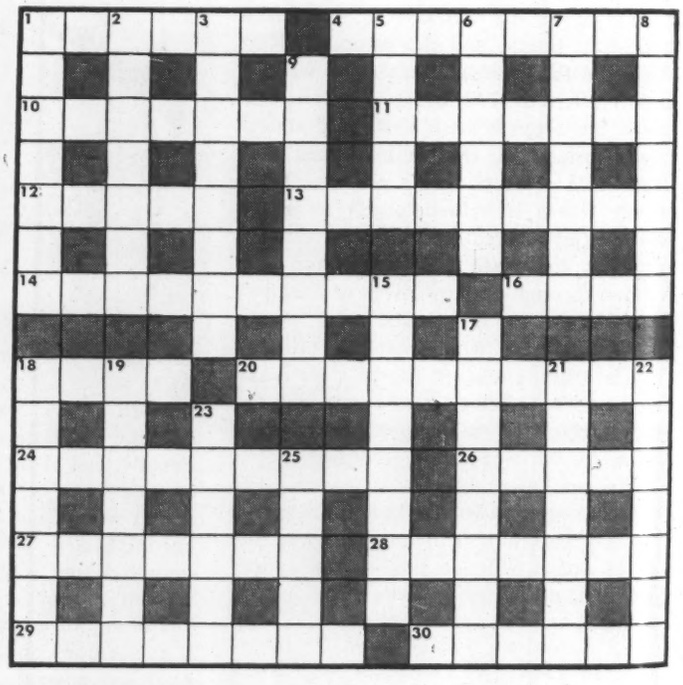
Problem No. 148, by H. Rubesamen.

White mates in three.



Oo-la-la? Slightly!

by Louis and Dorothy Crerar



ACROSS

1 It's only at sea that Mary is to Elizabeth. (6)
4 29. Quite upsetting for the kidneys, perhaps. (8, 3, 5)
10 This islander is a cross between two of his own kind. (7)
11 Fifty snakes make game companions for their own kind. (7)
12 They may carry sweetness, but not for Chinese tea exclusively. (5)
13 Makes a drab cur a different looking creature. (9)
14 Adequate means gives the Comte pence to throw around. (10)
16 30, 23. Where post office officials hold post-mortems? (4-6, 6)
18 A good time for cover-girls. (4)
20 A city stems from procedures according to plan. (10)
24 Fine rewritten story by La Fontaine. (9)
26 See a friend of Paris go to a friend of Franco. (5)
27 His first name was almost a ruddy three feet long. (7)
28 Unnerved by a snake? (7)
29 See 4
30 See 16

DOWN

1 Times up for most of this race, I see. (7)
2 Quick! It is not one for 16. (7)
3 She gets me in the end like the spider gets the fly. (8)
5 This bear no doubt gets 7s in his drink. (5)
6 A lady in disguise in the mode of Greek musicians. (6)
7 See 5 (3, 4)
8 When the Frenchman starts to pant, get a doctor up. (7)
9 Thackeray wrote a book on those who practised it. (8)
15 The bishop's throne needs fifty to make it fit for Notre Dame, perhaps. (8)
17 The conductor of "The Singing Stars of Tomorrow" took me up, but not without a fight. (8)
18 Could a skirt be so full of meat? (7)
19 Hi, Jack! Is it cold up there? (7)
21 T T T? (7)
22 Often leaves the diner feeling quite clammy, no doubt. (7)
23 See 16
25 Juniper berries may eventually start to . . . (5)

Solution to last puzzle

ACROSS
1 Litmus
4 Meat loaf
10 Drenching
11 Usher
12 Boche
13 Ell
15 Horns
16 Reacted
18 Trojan
21 Strait
22 Nonagon
24 Auden
26 Hag
27 Where
28 Torso
29 Notebooks
30 Residues
31 Framed

DOWN
1 Ladybird
2 Trenchant
3 See 9
5 Egg
6 Touchdown
7 Other
8 Forest
9, 3 Like a Dutch uncle
14 Late nights
17 Trainload
19 Angleworm
20 Incensed
23 Garter
25 Darts
27 Weber
29 Née (397)

Hi-Fi: A Different Approach

by Anthony West

A SPELL of eye trouble and an incipient ulcer have combined to keep me away from the fun and games of this exceptionally interesting election year. But if my minor ailments have effectively kept me away from the big things they have pushed me up against one small one, and I am in a position to dissent in the strongest possible terms from the view of Hi-Fi put before SATURDAY NIGHT readers a short while back by Hugh Thomson.

When I saw that I was in for a period of rationed reading and limited activity, I decided that a really good phonograph was going to be a great comfort if not a necessity, and before I was done I found out quite a lot about this new business, all of it strongly at variance with Mr. Thomson's robustly expressed opinions.

My first revelation threw a good deal of light on the following from Mr. Thomson: "The hi-fi 'bug' looks with the utmost disdain on ready-made phonographs, and insists on matching component parts and assembling his own system. This is a lot of nonsense."

It all depends on what you mean by nonsense. The machine I picked, because I had seen and heard it in a friend's apartment and had been impressed, was made in England to an American design. In normal times I would not have been able to consider it as a possibility, but I had just had a success with a book and someone had taken up an option on its dramatic rights and I thought I would give myself a $970 pat on the back to celebrate. After reaching that decision I had lunch with my editor at Random House. He is an ardent devotee of Baroque music, and I told him what I had planned to do. He fell silent, and after a pause said he would give me a book if I would come back to the office with him after we had eaten. When we got there he handed me a book written jointly by Martin Mayer and John M. Conly, the Editor of *High Fidelity* magazine.

"I think," he said, "you should look at page 27." I did, and there was a picture of the apple of my eye, accompanied by a rather crisp caption: "Above is the unusually handsome Blank made in England to American design. *It's about $350 of hi-fi equipment for $970.*"

To say that this disconcerted me is to put it mildly. At any rate it made me slow up on my impetuous rush to acquire a ready-made machine. Inquiry showed that the case I had accidentally stumbled on was not exceptional.

Cabinet makers are skilled workmen who get premium pay, and the average phonograph cabinet would cost $150 or more at retail even if it were as simply built as an ordinary piece of furniture. As it is built to be used as a phonograph it has to be specially constructed: vibration set up by the turntable motor would distort the music if it made its way to the speaker, and, conversely, vibration set up by the speaker would cause distortion if it found its way back to the tone arm and pick up. The cabinet has to be unusually solidly built, and this means that it invariably costs as much, and often costs twice as much, as the components it houses. This situation appears to be unbeatable.

The Hi-Fi shops are a by-product of the situation. They don't go in for elegant

Amplifiers: To fit the bookshelf.

show rooms but their set-up is elaborate in its own special way.

It is safe to go to most of these specialist shops, tell the salesman how much you want to spend, and buy the equipment he recommends within your price range. He will give you short lists of components that will combine well, show you how to bring them together by using the switchboard, and then sit you in the listening compartment to make your final choice. You will be able to take your time over that. My observation is that tolerance in this respect is so great that a floating population of equipment tasters has grown up who infest listening compartments much as aphids infest roses; they drift

Speaker: Well-mannered and plain.

from store to store enjoying themselves without interference, unless they actually get in the way of genuine customers.

The pre-amplifier and the amplifier are designed to sit inconspicuously in your bookshelves, the plainly mounted turntable will look no more outrageously mechanical than a telephone on a low table, and the speaker in some such engineer-designed enclosure as the Acoustic Research or R-J will look well-mannered and plain in most settings. Mr. Thomson can say it is a lot of nonsense if he likes, but you will be $350 to the good none the less. It is this rather simple consideration that led about 125,000 Americans to spend their money on hi-fi rigs, last year.

That is the plain consideration, and there are many others which Mr. Thomson touches on, to my mind altogether too breezily, when he speaks of the weird noises on demonstration records. As you are going to listen to music on your reproducer it might seem to be common sense to follow his advice and test the equipment with music you know. But this is a fallacy for various reasons.

What is on the demonstration record is a number of record sounds taking you from the lower to the upper limits of audibility, from 16 cycles per second in the deep deep bass (only reached by big pipe organs) and up to 17,000 to 20,000 cps in the high frequencies among the sounds resembling the squeak of a bat. Though these sounds are admittedly not music they are the pure elements of which music is composed, and although the frequencies of the notes of written music stop just above 4000 cps, there is nothing fancy about having these far higher frequencies on the test record. The overtones of a violin to the fourth harmonic go to frequencies above 10,000 cps, of a piano to above 12,000.

It is necessary, for clear reproduction, to bring in the first four harmonics, because without them it is impossible to dis-

Forward Looking...

Our youngest client at the moment is just seven months old. He received his first financial stake in Canada just a few weeks ago when his father made an initial common stock purchase for him. This purchase was made with the conviction that it was not too early to start an investment program and that Canadian securities with growth potential will grow with him.

Our most mature client in terms of years has passed her 100th birthday. Her first transaction with us was in 1911. Although she now has a well balanced list of Canadian securities, she placed an order just the other day to purchase some common shares of one of Canada's outstanding companies because, as she put it, "It has a good future".

What about you? Whether you are just a beginner looking for guidance in planning and making selections for an investment program or an experienced investor wanting basic or current information on which to base decisions, we believe we can help you. Experienced people in our organization are available and willing to help you plan, select and supervise. You'll be welcome in any of our offices... either in person or by mail.

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tinguish between violins, flutes and oboes, for example, playing the same fundamental note. That is the necessity for bare recognition. To bring in such subtleties as resultant tone, a third note produced by modulation when two different musical notes are sounded simultaneously, even higher frequencies have to be brought in. Harmonics of the fifth to eighth order are an important part of the contribution of most instruments to the output of an orchestra.

The demonstration record will, apart from anything else, show you that the average ready-made phonograph has an effective range of from 130.81 cps to just about 6,000 cps. They lop two octaves off the fundamentals at the base, and omit almost all the high frequency harmonics. There are good reasons for this. All modestly priced turntables and amplifiers are liable to inject noise of their own making into the music they reproduce, and the chances that they will do so are considerably increased when they are as close to each other as they have to be in the confines of the average ready-made cabinet. The commonest of these noises, humming sounds of one kind and another, have a frequency of between 40 cps and 110 cps, and the manufacturers guard against their intrusion by excluding those frequencies. To make up for the resulting poverty of the bass they compensate by making the speaker enclosure resonant. This brings a rich, or fruity, sound from the machine which the untrained ear accepts innocently as a full bass. Resonance distorts higher frequencies horribly, and to conceal shrieks and flat squeaks the manufacturer clips them off and compensates by boosting the strength of the sounds between 4,000 cps and 6,000 cps. The untrained ear accepts the truncated treble and assumes that because it can hear a lot of it it is all there.

The ear is a habit forming organ, and when a listener who has become used to the mellowed music of what is known in the trade as a "balanced" instrument hears a familiar piece of music on a hi-fi rig for the first time he revolts. There is so much more upper register noise than he expects, and the bass seems unfamiliar. His immediate reaction is to say that the hi-fi equipment is distorting his beloved music by omitting the harmonics which make it sound so smooth, round and natural on his own machine.

Most of the shortcomings which Mr. Thomson describes as inherent defects of hi-fi are in fact the consequences of putting too much sound into too small a room, particularly when recordings of the great 19th century public-performance works are being played. Verdi's *Otello,* for instance, was written to be performed in such a vast space as the auditorium of the opera house in Milan, and the forces assembled are appropriate for the task.

In the opening storm scene in *Otello*, something like 150 sound sources are in simultaneous action, dispersed between the orchestra pit and the back of the stage. Anything like faithful reproduction of the resulting enormously complex pattern of pressure waves, varying from the twenty-footers of the bass to the bright inchers in the high frequencies, will be shocking in a living room fifteen by twenty. What is wanted is a small scale model with the sharpest possible detail and the smallest possible amount of distortion.

There are different combinations of hi-fi components appropriate to every sized room. Ten watts of power from the British-made Leak TL-10 amplifier with controls put through an eight-inch Wharfdale Speaker in an RJ enclosure will produce perfect scale models for a living room 13 by 16; 22 watts from an H.H. Scott 99b with a 12-inch speaker in a larger enclosure will do the same thing for a living room 15 by 25. The combinations of tweeters and woofers which need 50 watts to drive them are not worth buying unless you can sit 15 feet or more from them in really big rooms. They are meant to produce generous scale models of sound, and their high frequencies will approach the threshhold of physical pain in small rooms.

All this adds up to sound reasons for matching and choosing components suited to your needs, and the folly of those who have overloaded their space is not an argument against your tailoring your equipment to make good use of yours.

There are of course crank records of train and factory noises, steel bands, and so forth which show that some hi-fi partisans are interested in noise as noise, but the record catalogues show that they are exceptions. The great public-performance works, symphonies and operas, are no longer the backbone of the classical lists. Not only has the chamber music of the giants made an enormous gain in popularity, but a host of virtually lost composers —Monteverdi, Guesualdo, Vivaldi, Albioni Corelli, Giordani, Valenti, Tartini, Viotti, Taelemann, Rameau, Lully, Boyce, and so on—have come back in an astonishing way. Music of this kind, originally written for small scale performance, can be reproduced with a bare minimum of impoverishment and loss by hi-fi equipment, and its revival proves that a real interest in music as music is at the heart of the fashion.

It is, of course, also true that if symphonic music and grand opera are your loves, you will get much more of it, much less distorted, from the appropriate hi-fi rig than from any other form of reproducer.

BUSINESS

Prices on a Tight Rope: Current Pressures

by John D. Pattison

RISING PRICES are generally the result of too many dollars chasing too few goods—and the present is no exception. Whether this can be called inflation or not is a matter of definition.

If by inflation we mean nothing more than a general increase in the cost of the things we buy, then the prevailing conditions can be so described. However a more precise definition of inflation usually implies a dilution of the money supply. For instance, this is the case when a government turns to the printing press as a source of funds, rather than raising them by taxation. In times of business recession, money inflation may even be accompanied by declining prices. In this sense, there is no inflation going on in Canada at present. In fact, the opposite appears to be true. No printing press money is being pumped into the economy, and funds are actually being withdrawn as tax revenues rise more rapidly than government spending.

There is, however, a very real pressure on prices today. In the early post war years, this was understandable. Then, the pent-up demand of six war years was being released on a market not yet restored to full peace-time production. Today, the situation is quite different. There has been an enormous increase in productive capacity. Output of goods of all sorts has climbed to record levels. The urgent demands of ten years ago have been satisfied. Yet the last nine months have seen the development of new demands and they are in excess of the production increases we are likely to achieve this year. These new demands are financed by rising incomes, by credit expansion, and by foreign capital — that is, through normal business channels rather than money inflation.

The rising demand stems from every sector of the economy—from export sales and from spending by consumers, governments, and investors. By far the most important of these is the investment program planned for Canada this year. We are attempting the biggest capital spending in our history. Not only do investment intentions exceed those of any previous year, but the increase over a year ago would be the largest year-to-year gain on record.

A mid-year review of capital spending plans for 1956 revealed that intended outlays on construction, machinery, and equipment would amount to almost $8 billions. This would be an increase of $1.8 billions, or 28%, over 1955. In the six months elapsed since the end of last year, planned expenditures had been raised by $500 millions, indicating the strong tone of optimism underlying the economic development going on in Canada today.

To appreciate its significance, a capital program of these dimensions should be regarded in its relation to the total national production and the rate of its growth. Last year our Gross National Product amounted to $26.8 billions. Assuming an average rate of growth, we might expect an increase of about a billion, or perhaps a little more, for 1956. This would be a physical increase; with rising prices it would be higher. A price increase of 4 per cent applied to the total output would create a further dollar increase of over a billion dollars. For our purposes here, we will examine this average physical increase of $1 billion relative to the various demands that are being made on the economy.

The accompanying table shows that in spite of a normal growth of production and a substantial net import of goods, the capital program planned for 1956 would leave less for the use of consumers and government than was available in 1955. Even if these other demands were to remain at last year's level, an attempt to achieve the capital spending planned for this year would probably result in higher prices.

When the latest figures for investment were published, many economists questioned whether it was physically possible to do so much this year. The availability of labor and materials are, of course, fundamental to such a program. By mid-year these were in short supply, although spending was below the target level. It appears that these doubts will be fulfilled.

Investment funds are also scarce. The demand and competition for funds is creating a tight money situation. This is making financing more difficult. Along with the shortages of labor, materials and funds, has gone a substantial increase in costs. Some deferments, if not some cancellations of projects, have resulted.

Several factors could ease these stresses. There could be smaller inventory build-ups—but present indications are that they will be larger. We could have even larger

Investment Spending and Its Effect

Table shows the relationship of investment spending to the total resources available—that is our own production plus net imports, assuming little price increase.

	1955	1956
	Billions of dollars	
Gross National Product	26.8	28.0
Net Import Balance (*)	.7	1.0
Total Resources Available	27.5	29.0
Less Investment Spending:		
Construction, machinery, equipment	6.2	8.0
Increase in inventories	.5	.8
Total Investment	6.7	8.8
Balance Available for Consumer and Government Spending	20.8	20.2

NOTE: (*) *This is the excess of imports over exports.*

BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTRIC COMPANY LIMITED

NOTICE is hereby given that the Board of Directors has declared the dividends listed below on the Company's **CUMULATIVE REDEEMABLE PREFERRED SHARES** for the quarter ending 30 September 1956 payable on 1 October 1956 to shareholders of record at the close of business on 7 September 1956. In respect of shares represented by any share warrant, the said dividends will be payable on or after 1 October 1956 at any branch of The Royal Bank of Canada in Canada on presentation of the respective dividend coupons listed below: —

Series	Coupon No.	Dividend per Share
4%	38	$1.00
4¼%	5	$0.53
4½%	8	$0.56
4¾%	32	$1.19
5%	16	$0.62

The transfer books will not be closed.

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W. B. AFFLECK
Assistant Secretary.

Vancouver, B.C.
26 July 1956.

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DIVIDEND

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Roger Hackney, Treasurer

imports, either associated with increased capital inflow or a reduction of our foreign exchange reserves; but imports are already at an all-time peak—and are dangerously high. Production may be increased still further; however the economy is operating close to capacity and additional gains would be small.

But other demands on our resources are also rising. The costs of government are increasing. The consumer group has much more money to spend. Employment is higher than a year ago, and wages have risen. Labor income is up about 10 per cent, which for the year will mean an increase of over a billion dollars. Other types of personal income, such as professional fees and dividends, are also higher. On top of all this, people are borrowing more for retail spending.

Central bank and government policies are attempting to bring about a better balance between supply and demand, to discourage the country from doing too much this year, and thus avoid a serious price inflation.

Bank policy is to restrict the expansion of the money supply by making funds less readily available. The keener competition for these funds is reflected in the interest rate, which has risen substantially. This policy discourages borrowing and encourages saving and lending.

There are many kinds of loans bearing different interest rates and extending over differing periods from a few days to many years. The effect of higher interest charges falls on all of these. Because the increased interest charges have not been fully reflected in the rate paid on NHA guaranteed loans for residential mortgages, funds for this purpose are less readily available. Other types of loans are more attractive. Similarly, some business enterprises find it harder than others to raise funds. Money is performing its role as a rationing mechanism.

The booming prosperity carries with it an almost automatic corrective device—a large increase in government revenues. At the federal level, this more than takes care of the increase in expenditures. It has the effect of syphoning off some of the all-too-available buying power.

The restrictive influence of monetary and fiscal measures has not been great. There are other reasons why prices have not risen more steeply. Canada is producing a little more than anticipated, capital spending is falling short, and the consumer has not rushed to buy. This fortunate combination has so far limited the extent of price increases. However, the threat remains.

Classical economists would say we have nothing to worry about: the laws of supply and demand will take care of the situation—in time. No doubt they will; but we should bear in mind the heavy penalty we would pay for a jump in prices.

The Ethics of Short Selling

SHORT SELLING has been from time immemorial a recognized practice in stock and commodity trading. It has, however, been the target for criticism because of raids which wiped out or reduced the equity of marginal holders of stocks. Large blocks of borrowed stocks thrown on a declining market by the bears or shorts would reduce prices severely, forcing the bulls either to put up more margin or sell out. The shorts make or lose the difference between the price at which they sell and the price at which they buy. There have been classic examples of losses by bears covering short commitments at higher prices than they sold at.

Most longs think the market should move only upwards; some seem to suggest there should be a law against bad news. A check on their unbridled enthusiasm is provided by short selling. The need for subsequent covering of short sales supplies a cushion in a declining market. The longs should be glad there is something to lessen the impact of a crash when it does occur.

At the same time, stock exchanges have controlled short selling in order to eliminate raids. The modern practice is for short sales to be declared as such on the floor of the stock exchange and not to be permissible at prices below the last regular transaction.

Short sales are compiled and published by the stock exchange periodically. This is a forward step towards the principle of full disclosure upon which regulation of securities transactions is based.

Since the stock market, like horse racing, exists only because of a difference of opinion, it is difficult to see why any reasonable person would object to regulated short selling.

There is, however, a good deal of primary distribution of securities through Canadian stock exchanges and finances are thereby secured for development of natural resources. The short seller can thus, in an extreme view, be charged with lack of patriotism. Actually, he is simply a smart trader who is competing with promoters for the public dollar and is prepared to take the risks of his venture. His losses can be substantial in a drill-hole market.

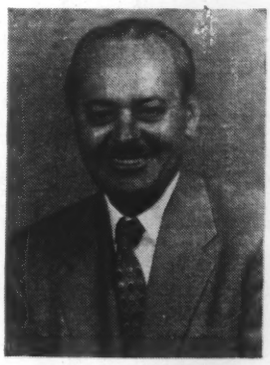
No one likes his pitch being queered and it is not strange that a strong dislike for short sellers exists among stock mongers working out optioned stocks.

Power Afloat and Ashore

He started out as a billing clerk in 1928 with the intention of staying on the job one year. In the twenty eight years that followed, Clarence Neal has become president of the Canadian company, and broken every sales record in the book.

FROM CHAUFFEUR to floor-walker to shipper to president—that's the way an employment form would read if it were filled out by Clarence B. Neal, President of the Outboard Marine Corporation of Canada Ltd.

During the 26 years he has been with the Canadian company he has built it up from a small branch with a staff of thirty people, to Canada's leading outboard motor manufacturer now employing 1,000 people in a 250,000 square foot plant in Peterborough, Ontario. In the process Neal has also promoted the name of Johnson and Evinrude to the point where they are synonymous with the term—outboard motor.



Clarence B. Neal

Born in Little Rock, Arkansas, in 1909, Neal soon learned about need for hard work. At the age of eleven he got his first odd job as apprentice-auto-mechanic to help pay for his schooling. After high school, he went to college in Kansas City, Missouri. He graduated with a diploma in accountancy, but it didn't help him find a job during those depressed years. He worked as a parking lot attendant until he decided to leave Kansas City to seek better opportunities in Chicago.

His first job there had him cooking meals at women's teas to demonstrate new cooking utensils—"I endured that for exactly one month." After a series of other "handy-man" jobs, he went to an employment agency. When he was told that a firm by the name of Johnson Motor Co. needed a man in the billing department, Neal jumped at the chance. That was in 1928. Shortly after starting with the Johnson people, the opportunity came for him to transfer to the small Canadian branch in Peterborough. Neal accepted—fast. "I didn't care if I had to go to China, I just wanted to prove myself."

The Peterborough plant was in difficulty, and in his new position as assistant to the Chief Accountant, he had the opportunity to prove himself. In exactly one month he became secretary-treasurer of the branch. "I used to put in 12 to 14 hours a day then," he recalls. The long hours paid off. Finally, he was appointed president of the Canadian company in 1949. During the seven years he has been president, the company has broken all previous sales records and diversified its products which now include three different brands of outboard motors, six lawnmower models and three industrial gasoline engines.

One example of the company's success is the "lawn-mower story," as Neal calls it. In 1952, when it was decided to manufacture power lawn-mowers, the total market in Canada amounted to 15,000 units a year. Over 8,000 of these were imported. In the three years since the company entered the market, power mower sales jumped to 120,000 units a year.

Three months ago his company took over Industrial Engineering Limited of Vancouver, the largest chain-saw manufacturers in the country. Neal feels that his lawn-mower sales record can be duplicated again by this latest expansion.

After the usual nine-hour day in his modest office, Neal drives to his 210-acre farm on the outskirts of Peterborough where he and his wife live a quiet suburban life, in their white-frame farm house. The mention of farming brings from him a flash of quiet enthusiasm. He spends all of his free time working the land with an impressive array of farm machinery from ploughs to power lawn-mowers.

Love for the outdoors is also reflected in a hunting lodge he owns with four other member-friends. He tries to cram four week-end trips a year into his busy schedule, to hunt moose and shoot partridge on the 22 square miles of private land adjoining the lodge. According to his friends, Neal will often don an apron and prepare full-course meals as he did 29 years ago in Chicago.

The 47-year-old executive says he is still looking forward to the day when every Canadian family will own an outboard motor—a Johnson or Evinrude, that is.

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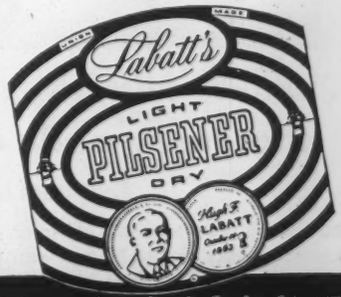

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Stop-loss

What is a stop-loss order?—A. C., Moncton, N.B.

The stop-loss order is one of the most dangerous devices known. It is actually an open market order which becomes effective when a stock sells at the price stated. It is usually employed with a view to protecting profits but sometimes results in substantial losses.

A trader long on a volatile stock which is selling at $3.50 enters a stop-loss order at $3. This means that when the stock declines to $3 his stock is offered at the market. But other amateur traders have entered stops at $3 — for some reason, amateurs think in round numbers—and the effect of all this stock being offered at once is to produce a drastic decline.

The market order may be filled substantially below the $3 price the trader had in mind in entering it. The more volatile a stock is, the greater the risk of a fill well below the stop price. Big active markets such as Canada enjoys have occasionally seen stocks in the $3 to $4 range decline $2 or so in a single day.

On the other hand, for trading in stocks which have demonstrated orderly markets, the stop-loss may be useful.

Canadian Collieries

Would you tell me if Canadian Collieries is a good investment with prospect of growth values and dividends? — J. B. B., Vancouver.

Canadian Collieries has rather a complicated story. A major attraction is a distribution of tax-paid surplus in the form of preferred shares which would later be redeemed. It has a capital surplus of $16 million. Tax-free stock dividends are expected to be issued periodically and them redeemed as the company obtains the necessary cash. These are expected to amount to about $7 a common share, but the investor must keep in mind that he doesn't necessarily obtain this cash immediately.

That financial facet of this company alone makes it an interesting investment. Canadian Collieries, after struggling along as a coal producer, jumped into the oil business where it cashed in heavily.

Now the company is out of the oil business at a fat profit and has moved into new fields. It is these new fields which will likely have the major influence on the long-term future.

Canadian Collieries has bought two timber operations and is in the plywood and coal business. The old company's luck certainly appears to have turned, for even the coal business now looks attractive.

What makes its earning power even

more attractive is a tax position that will likely leave operations free from income taxes for about 5 years. That means that any earnings will be available to redeem preferred stock that might be issued as a stock dividend, improve operations and pay dividends.

Estimates of earnings run to about $1.90 a common share before income taxes start biting and about $1 a share after the taxes take effect. It has been intimated that the company hopes to initiate some small dividend policy from earnings out of its present business set-up. But depending on how well these new operations work out, and likely on what sort of business opportunities become available to the company, regular dividend payments certainly are in doubt.

Trading at about $10, the stock is not too far from its 1956 low of $8.75 and is down from high of $14.25. This is an interesting situation that requires careful study by a knowledgeable investor. And don't forget the preferred shares which have been issued. Trading at about 90 cents, these $1 par shares offer a chance for a capital gain if they are redeemed as well as paying a five-cent dividend.

Western Oils

Have you any thoughts on the future of western oils from the investor's standpoint — Q. H. S., Owen Sound, Ont.

The prospect for western oils is promising and shareholders can look forward to progressively larger returns from successful integrated companies. But the approach to commitment should be a cautious one.

The recent emphasis in the industry has been on exploration, development and integration. Some stock pedlars are trying to make much of the existence of reserves. By multiplying the number of barrels of net reserves by the field price of oil and, deducting indicated costs, they come up with some pretty impressive statistics as to assets per share. But as the old wheeze has it, there are lies, damned lies and statistics. The stock pushers conveniently close their eyes to the fact that oil reserves take many years to extract. Any method of valuation which puts today's price on an asset which can't be realized for many years is misleading.

Another point on which caution is required is in appraising some of the Johnny-come-latelies to the class of integrated companies. An oil producer doesn't become a distributor on an economic basis overnight, although it is conceded it could buy established distribution facilities. But it could easily pay too much for them as a result of competitive bidding.

The big danger from the investor's standpoint is that he won't be discri-

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minating and will put his good money into some promotional situation engineered by people who understand profits but do not know a great deal about the oil business.

For soundly grounded oil companies every prospect pleases. Canada will need an estimated 625 million barrels of petroleum products by 1976, or about three times 1955 requirements.

Realization of estimates of a 25-million population by 1976 would result in six million dwellings being heated largely by oil or gas. There would be 9.5 million motor vehicles — nearly 2.5 times the existing number.

The Canadian oil and gas industry faces a demand for energy. Alberta's oil and natural gas will be meeting about 68% of the country's energy needs.

A continued annual rate of growth of 15% for petro-chemicals is expected, which will comprise a large market for the petroleum industry.

The effect of this indicated growth has not been lost on Americans — both of the investing and promotional variety. Some Canadian oil companies have a strong American flavor. One company's annual report is printed in the U.S. There was a wide distribution of Canadian oil equities in the U.S. a few years back, when owners of Canadian properties got out at the top. History could repeat itself.

In Brief

What is the status of Goose Bay Mines Ltd.?—S.D., Cornwall, Ont.

The goose got cooked several years ago.

Is Groundhog Gold Mines Ltd. still alive? F.K., Toronto, Ont.

Yes, but it hasn't seen its shadow for several years.

Any change in the position of Coast Copper?—L.S., Scranton, Pa.

Still coasting on the patience of its big creditor, Cons. Smelters.

How is Cinderella Gold Mines Ltd.?—O.S., Newmarket, Ont.

Waiting for the prince to show up.

What about Boot Hill Mines Ltd.?—F.P., Toronto, Ont.

Changed its name to Boulder Gold Mines Ltd., unlisted.

What happened to Bag Bay Mines Ltd.?—B.M., Barrie, Ont.

Its charter is back in the government bag.

Is Spur Mines Ltd. still in existence?—L.J., Kingston, Ont.

Yes, but it needs the whip as well.

How soon will the Government provide the Pine Point mining railway?—A.B., Toronto.

Probably not for some years.

INSURANCE

Retirement by Pension Trust

by William Sclater

SEPARATE POLICIES for each individual employee are among the attractive features of the Pension Trust type of agreement which uses individual life insurance or income endowment plans to provide retirement income.

The big advantage of this type of pension plan for the employee is that he can take his policy with him when he leaves a company. He can then continue to pay the premiums himself or he can have the policy carried on by his next employer on similar terms. This can also be in an employer's interest.

A Pension Trust plan is a flexible instrument. It permits considerable adjustment to the individual's particular requirements and is especially suitable for smaller companies with anything from a couple of employees up to 100.

There are sizable death benefits. For insurable employees these can amount to $1,000 face value of life insurance for each $10 of monthly retirement income. Older employees can be taken in up to 60 or older, if necessary; as there is a level premium basis, the original policies will not be affected by any increase in the premium rate structure nor will the premium rate be increased by the growing age of the holders in the group. Both holders and company know exactly where they stand at all stages of the plan.

For example, an employee, age 30, may have an agreement on a pension of $200 a month at age 65. To purchase this pension requires a policy worth $29,280 in cash, at age 65. This would mean that employer and employee, between them, must pay a total contribution of $536.60 per annum to achieve this objective.

To protect his Pension Trust plan the employee may arrange integrated life insurance up to $20,000 at an annual rate of only $2.61 per $1,000 of insurance. If the employee dies before his pension is due, his estate will receive the life insurance payment contracted for or his pension plan payments to date, whichever is the greater.

There are several methods of determining the amount of pension to be paid under a Pension Trust plan. It may be a percentage of salary or wages for each year of service, either past or future up to the retirement age of 65. It may be a fixed percentage of salary or wages such as a contribution of 5 per cent by the employee and 5 per cent by the employer multiplied by the number of years to retirement. It may be a fixed pension for all employees regardless of their salary or wage levels, such as $100 a month at retirement age.

For example, an employee age 30, earning $200 a month is to receive a pension of 1½ per cent of wages for each year of service up to age 65. This means that a pension annuity of $105 is to be provided, with a five year guarantee. Cost of purchase calls for a premium contribution of $260 per annum.

In the case of an employee, age 38, who has ten years of service with a company prior to the institution of the Pension Trust plan, the company usually arranges a Past Service pension to cover the former period. In many cases the company pays for the Past Service pension and gives the employee full vested rights to it after a further five years of service. In the case of future service pensions, most companies give their employees full vested rights immediately.

The Government of Canada favors full vesting of the employer's contribution at a reasonably early date and, as all pension plans that are to receive taxation privileges must have government approval, this is an important provision. Incidentally, no plan will be approved where a person might assign the benefits or obtain policy or automatic loans. Paid-up policies are available in the event of non-payment of premiums.

Comparisons between one plan and another must inevitably reflect unfavorable conditions in some instances.

The normal pension provided is a monthly annuity payable for life, with five years certain. (If the beneficiary died after receiving the pension for a short time, his estate would continue to receive it for the balance of the five years.)

Alternately, one of the following options may be elected: (1) a monthly annuity for life, ten years certain; (2) a joint annuity for as long as the employee and his wife may live, reducing to two-thirds on the first death; (3) in exceptional circumstances and with the consent of the employer, a part or even all of the pension fund may be withdrawn in cash as at that date of the retirement; (4) the plan may be co-ordinated with the Government old-age pension to give a greater and level pension from retirement age for life.

The Fall Hats: A Luscious Season

by Margaret Ness

Toques are back—completely feathered, by Lilly Daché.

Berets are expensive—blonde chinchilla, by John Frederics.

"EVERY WOMAN will have her head in a cloud of loveliness this Fall," says Lilly Daché, speaking quite conservatively in view of the hats the fashion press recently saw in individual collections and at the dinner-showing of the Millinery Institute of America.

Actually, the first impact of the 1956 versions of the elegant Edwardian era is almost overwhelming. "There never has been a more luscious season for hats," confides Sally Victor, and she is restrained, too. Furs, feathers, velvets, satins, jewels—these new Fall hats are a lure no woman can resist.

This is the biggest year for feathers since before World War I—coq, aigrettes, ostrich, burnt goose, pheasants, Rhode Island reds. Emme showed a group of

Turbans historical, by Sally Victor.

"falcon" hats made entirely of irridescent and multicolored breast feathers. Daché dressed up a herringbone tweed suit with a white ostrich feather hat.

Fur hats are designed for every hour of the day—ranging from racoon to ermine. Sally Victor teams red fox and black velvet, black lynx on a satin bowler and dreams up a black mink beret. Walter Florell heaps a hat romantically with black fox and builds a high white mink toque with a white velvet crown. John Frederics and most of the milliners are using a new blonde-dyed chinchilla. Laddie Northridge showed a set of white broadtail plateau hat and a muff. But as Sally Victor remarks, "Fur hats will be accessories, not worn with fur coats." Velvets are popular too. Hattie Carnegie has

a ruby red velvet with self petals hidden among the folds of the draped brim. John Frederics has a huge black velvet beret.

These massive hats — lavishly trimmed and of sumptuous fabrics—are referred to as "Restaurant Hats", but today you would have to be sure of moving in a husband-driven car or a taxi to wear them, not only advantageously, but at all. The milliners realize this themselves and have settled, for the more practical day-by-day wear, on height, width and drapery. They have even chosen their own themes. Emme is Eastern with her "Thousand and One Nights" collection, with her desert-inspired turbans, high hats of the Eastern dancers, upswept "Ali Baba" bretons and her jewelled dagger trims.

John Frederics is fond of the turban, too, and introduces it in various materials and color-tones—as deep and light crimson, brown-orange-and-taupe and startling but effective emerald and turquoise. Sally Victor revels in the Napoleonic era with the small ("Bibi") bonnets of the First Empire, in delicate mauve satin with black lace, in the toques Napoleon brought back from his Egyptian campaign. Walter Florell goes back to the silent movies for his copy of the head-hugging cloche Irene Castle made popular, and his giant replica of the bloused and peaked cap worn by Jackie Coogan in the Chaplin films. And Laddie Northridge settles on "Eve's Modern Paradise" for his theme and roams from "the Watteau" to small "Fairie Rings" for the theatre. Mr. John calls his simply—"Mr. John's Edwardian Collection", and introduces such colors as "Kensington Blue", "Gaslight Green", "Peach Melba".

Not all the hat news, of course, is cen-

White elegance, by Laddie Northridge.

Dinner hats are enormous—black velvet with wings, by Sally Victor.

Profile caps, with feathers, by Emme.

Jewellery is Edwardian, by Trifari. Hair style is wider, longer.

tred on furs, feathers and draperies. For practical wear, there are practical silhouettes—sailor, beret, pillbox—with emphasis on the taller crown and soft draping, but even more important than the shape is the pose. The eyes will show, and often the widow's peak as well. Even the massive brims are arched to reveal the eyes. Consequently, make-up will be important. This Fall, it is the pale, opalescent look, in the Edwardian tradition of fragile beauty, and, of course, hair will be worn longer too.

The Edwardian trend was also seen in the massive jewellery at Trifari's and Coro's, in Josef's large velvet handbags, in the elegance of Ship 'n Shore blouses.

But you will remember Fall 1956 as The Big Hat Year. The milliners themselves are using such hard-working adjectives as towering, tremendous, luxurious, magnificent. And they mean every word.

Hats are deep—beaver with velvet bow, by Mr. John.

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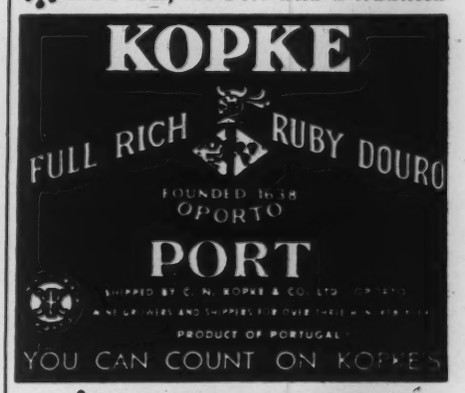

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Letters

Reply to Stevenson

John Stevenson has permitted himself more than his usual degree of racial intolerance in this (Aug. 4, Ottawa) letter. He has also drawn on his imagination to a degree unusual even in his column . . .

The rights and privileges given to the French Canadians after the Seven Years War and confirmed by the Quebec Act were, as every school-boy should know, not conditional upon any form of representative government, and it was not until long after the American Revolution, during which the French Canadians had maintained their allegiance to the British Crown, that representative institutions were established in Canada in 1791.

Mr. Stevenson's suggestion that French Canadians are incapable of understanding our British type of Parliamentary institutions is just as absurd as it would be to suggest that, because the Scots did not enjoy our type of parliamentary government until the Union with England in 1707 and that they sent only one Member of distinction to Parliament before the Reform Bill of 1832, the Scots are incapable of understanding Parliamentary institutions . . .

The French Canadians have worked our type of representative Parliamentary Institutions for 165 years and have produced a series of brilliant Parliamentarians—Papineau, Lafontaine, Cartier, Dorion, Langevin, Laurier, Bourassa and Lapointe—every one of whom would have been an ornament of any parliament in the world. The suggestion that Mr. St. Laurent does not belong to this same tradition is as inaccurate as it is intolerant.

Anyone with the most rudimentary knowledge of British Parliamentary Institutions knows that they can operate only if there is respect for the authority of the Chair, and that it is just as necessary to the working of Parliamentary Institutions to respect the authority of the Chair when one disagrees with the decision of the Speaker as it is to the administration of justice to respect the authority of the Judges, even when one disagrees with their decisions.

At one point, Mr. Stevenson talks about the right of free and full debate being discarded at the whim of a transient majority. Of course, those who have read Hansard know that no right of free and full debate was denied to anyone. But, after denying to the majority the right to decide the issues in Parliament, Mr. Stevenson goes further and suggests that a minority in Parliament should be allowed to control its most fundamental institution. He says that it mattered nothing to Mr. St. Laurent that "two parties in the Commons proclaimed their complete loss of confidence in the Speaker". Surely Mr. Stevenson here is proclaiming a doctrine which would very quickly destroy Parliament altogether. If all a dissatisfied minority has to do to remove a Speaker is to proclaim lack of confidence, it would be impossible to carry on Parliamentary Government at all . . .

OTTAWA — PAUL T. HELLYER, MP

Governor General

. . . You endorse the suggestion of the *Vancouver Sun* that the next Governor General of Canada could be chosen from "one of the Asian countries . . . Indian, Pakistani or Cingalese". As an alternative, I would suggest a smelly Eskimo from Ellesmere Island or thereabouts.

OTTAWA — HENRI PERRAULT

Tennis

I would suggest that Mr. Frayne is about 30 years behind the times when he says that tennis is "some kind of rung on the social ladder". Perhaps this may have been true in the early days of tennis playing, but certainly not now, with public courts, lessons by YWCAs, YMCAs, etc.

I would also say "thank goodness there are a few sports remaining which do not appeal to the loud and bad mannered crowds which frequent our more popular spectator sports!" It is good to know that there is at least one sport remaining where uncontrolled tempers of the players and spectators are frowned upon. . .

By all means let us have more donations to the tournaments and a more realistic expense account system for Canadian players, but let's have one sport where the players and the spectators are still expected to behave like ladies and gentlemen.

MONTREAL — MRS. T. HILLS

High Fidelity

THE ONLY conclusion which can be drawn after reading the article entitled "How Hi the Fi" is that Mr. Hugh Thompson has no knowledge whatsoever of electronics. For a music critic this obviously would be of no importance; however, for someone giving advice on how to purchase high fidelity equipment it is most necessary, for hi-fi is not a matter of music but of electronics.

After all, the fuss which is currently being made about high fidelity is largely because people are becoming interested in hearing all the music on their records. Any so-called hi-fi set or component is supposed to do as close to a 100% job as possible in accurately reproducing music for the money invested. Anyone knows that a good photographer uses not just a camera, but also an exposure meter, filters, etc., all made by different manufacturers and selected because of their individual qualities. Such is the case with anyone who knows anything about reproduction of music . . .

LONDON, ONT. — HUGH K. BLACK

Mr. Thompson on hi-fi is assuming that the concert hall is the ideal place to hear music. This is, of course, absurd. Concert halls differ greatly in their acoustic qualities and the individual's position in the hall has a great bearing on what he hears . . . The appreciation of music is a matter relative to the individual and the widespread enthusiasm for hi-fi indicates that a great number of individuals are hearing music maybe for the first time in a way which enthralls.

Hi-fi is probably the most constructive development in music appreciation in all history. On the other hand A.M. radio, which lops off the treble end of the scale, has probably been the greatest debasing factor to the ear.

TORONTO — W. J. NOXON

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SATURDAY NIGHT
ESTABLISHED 1887
VOL. 71 NO. 13 — WHOLE NO. 3269

PICTURE CREDITS: Page 5, Capital Press; Page 6, International; Page 7, International; Page 9, Wide World, Miller; Page 10, Miller; Page 12, Miller; Page 14, © Gaby; Page 15, Herb Nott; Page 16, Clarke, Irwin; British Books; Page 17, Press News Ltd.; Page 19, Toronto Daily Star; Page 20, MGM, Columbia, 20th Century-Fox; Page 21, Columbia; Page 23, Custom Sound and Vision Ltd.; Page 27, Parks Studio.

ANSWER TO PUZZLER
"AT" will be 86

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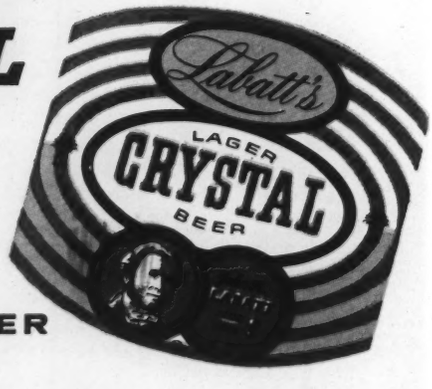

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